WIT RESTOR'D.

In ſeverall Select

POEMS

Not formerly publiſh't.

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In Several POEMS

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Mr. *Smith*, to Captain *Mennis* then commanding a Troop of Horſe in the North, againſt the *Scots*.

WHy what (a good year) means my *John*?
So ſtaunch a Muſe as thine ne're won
The Grecian prize; how did ſhe earne?
The bayes ſhe brought from *Epſom* Fearne?
There teem'd ſhe freely as the hipps,
The Hermit kiſt with trembling lipps.
And can ſhe be thus coſtive now how)
While things are carried (heaven knowes
While Church and State with fury parch,
Or zeal as mad as hare in March?
While birds of *Amſterdam* do flutter
And ſtick as cloſe as bread and butter:
As ſtraw to Jett, or burre to ſquall,
Or ſomething elſe unto a wall.
Can ſuch a dreadfull tempeſt be,
And yet not ſhake the North and thee?
Where is thy ſenſe, of publike feares?
Wil't ſit unmov'd as Roman Peeres,

Till some bold Gaule pluck thee by th' beard
Thou and thy Muse (I think) are fear'd
As I have heard Divines to tell
The conscience is that's mark'd for hell.
Ah Noble friend, this rough, harsh way
May pinch where I intended play.
But blame me not, the present times
So serious are, that even my Rymes
In the same hurry apt, are so,
Indeed whether I will or no.
And otherwise my Numbers flie
Than meant, in spight of Drollerie:
Tis good to end when words do nipp
And thus out of their harnesse slipp.
Besides, the thing which men mispend
Call'd Time, as precious is as friend,
Tak't not unkindly, I professe
None loves you better then *I. S.*
From *London* where the snow hath bin
As white as milke, and high as shin
From Viscount *Conwaies* house in street
Of woman Royall, where we meet:
The day too cold for wine and Burrage
The fourth precedent to Plum-porrage
December moneth, and yeare of grace
Sixteene hundred and forty to an Ace.

To friend of mine, Captaine *John Mennis*
At town of *York* that now and then is,
Or if you misse him there, go look
In company of *Hunks* Sir *Fook*; The

They two perhaps may have a pull
At *Selbie*, *Beverley*, or *Hull*,
Or elſe you'l finde him at his quarter,
Send it, and let him
Pay the Porter.

The ſame, To the ſame.

MY doubtie Squire of *Kentiſh* crew
that ha'ſt read ſtories old and new
prick up thine eares unto a tale
that will un-nerve and make thee ſtale:
When thou ſhalt heare how manie pears,
The parliament hath had by th' eares.
Comming as cloſe as ſhirt of *Neſſus*,
To privie Councellors (god bleſſe us)
The Judges they are deep in bond,
And fart for fear they ſhall bee Conn'd,
The *Ren* of *Elie*, and the prelate
Of *Bath* and *Wells* have had a pellat
And they have plac't (his grace's) cod
Under the laſh of *Maxwell's* rod.
But I am told the *Finch* is warie
And fled after the Secretarie,
And all this is, that men may ſee
Others can runne as well as wee.
I hitherto have told, dear Captain,
Of priſons that our peeres are clapt in:

And all I wrote was like a groane
Sadd as the melanchollie droane.
Of Countrie baggpipe, now I ſing
Matter as chearfull as the ſpring,
Of wine (deare freind) will make us wanton
Better nere drunck by *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, one
That at third glaſſe did mount his Launce
And gott a boy whoſe ſonne got Fraunce:
Beſides, the reckoning will bee more
(Humble I meane) then heretofore;
For now the Alderman hight *Abell*
Has given his parchment up with labell,
To no more purpoſe is his pattent
Then that the fool had ſhitt and ſate in't:
Now may wee freely laugh, and drink,
And overcharg'd goe piſſe i'th ſinck
Then too't again, beginne a health
Of twelve goe-downes to th'Com-monwealth
Then mount a ſtall, and ſleep, and when
Wee riſe againe bee nere th' worſe men:
This ſirt's my freindſhipp, but not mee,
I muſt bee ſober as the Bee
That often ſippes, yet doth not ſtray
But to his owne hive findes the way,
Soe ſhalt thou not bluſh to acknowledge
Him that was once of *Lincolne*-Colledge,
But now of Bromely Hall neere Bow
Look, and you'l find his name below.

J. Smith.

From

From ſpatious lodgings of Lord mine
In ſtreet of female majeſty, paſt nine;
The day whereon wee whett our knives
As men to eat oven for their lives.
He that ha's none tis time to borrow,
For Chriſtmas day is ee'ne to morrow.

The ſame, to the ſame.

MY note which coſt thee pennies Sixe
(It ſeeme's) ſtill in thy ſtomack ſtick's
O had'ſt thou but beheld how willing
I was for thine to pay a ſhilling
(For footeman forth the money layd
Which muſt with int'reſt bee defrayd)
Hereafter thou wouldſt not bee nice
For everie note to part with ſice.
Thy journey to the foe with Coyne
Would madded have a ſaint or twayne,
So ſillie Bee with wearie thighes
Home to her maſter's ſtorehouſe hie's;
Whence (her rich fraught unladed) ſhee
Againe returne's an emptie Bee.
I joy to heare thou raign'ſt in place
Of the defunct Arch biſhop's grace,
For thou (I doubt not) wilt bee grea'ſt
By freind for prebendry i th' fiſt:
Mee thinkes I fancie preſter *James*
In Cope envellop't without ſeames.

With ſilke and golde embroydred ore,
And breſtplat like a belt before:
As Pedler ha's to bear his pack,
Or Creeple with a childe at's back.
Elſe when my *Bettie* dropp's away
(That fourteen yeares hath been my Toy)
Some one Il'e marrie that's thy Neece
And Livings have with Bellie-peece,
This ſome call Symonie oth' ſmock,
Or Codpeece, that's againſt the Nock.
The health you meant mee in the Quart
I have, and partly thanke you for't,
But yet I muſe (as well I may)
At pot ſo furniſh't, without pay,
For at that time wee were told here
You all were ſixe weeks in arreare;
Ha'ſt thou made merchandiſe, of Crop?
Or ſolde ſome landes, lef't out oth' mapp?
Or ha'ſt thou nimm'd from ſaddle bow
A piſtoll through thy troope, or ſo?
Leaveing halfe-naked horſes Creſt
Like *Amazon* with but one breſt;
Well, lett it goe: I thinke this geare
Fitt to bee ſcann'd, but not too neare.
However, ſure I ſhould finde *Iohn*
Thriftie, but yet an honeſt man,
Yet tak heed in theſe pinching times
And age ſo catching after crimes,
It bee not given out how you quaf't
Sugar, and eggs, in morning's draught;

I grudge thee not; for if I met
Vulpone's potion, or could get
Nectar, or else dissolv'd to dew
Th'Elixir, which the gods n'ere knew:
'Twere thine, yea I would save the droppe
For thee that fell besides thy chopps:
But yet the needy stare (I feare)
May think much of thy costly cheare;
The best is, if they barre thy maw
From sodden drink, thou'c have it raw:
And reason good, the heavens defend,
That thou should'it want, and I thy friend.
I. S.

From house of Viscount *Conway*, where
Kenelme hath food, and *Down's* Count Lare,
December moneth, day of St. *John*
That 'mongst th' Evangelists made one,
Forty, (besides the sixteen hundred)
We count yeares past since Fiend was foun-
(dred,
And this Bissextile, that, sans-pumps,
Frisk's, and is call'd the yeare that Jump's.

The

The same, to the same.

I must call from between thy thighs
Thy urine back into thine eyes,
And make thee when my tale thou hear'st
Channell thy cheekes with Launt rever'st;
Thy Landladie that made thee broth
When drugge made orifice to froath,
That every fortnight shifted sheet
To keep thy nest, and bodie sweet;
That heard thee knock at peepe of day
When boy snor'de that on pallat lay;
Rose in her smock, and gave thee counsell
To lift thy foot for feare of groundsell,
That often warnd thee of the quart
And praid (in vain) to turn thy heart,
This Landladie in grave is pent
Now shedd thy moysture, man of Kent:
Two rings shee left, for thee tone, to thee
For *Andrew* that does call thee brother.
This dries thy teares that were a brewing;
Now li'st to newes of Stare ensuing.
Iudge *Littleton* is made Lord Keeper.
And feeds on chick and pigeon peeper,
The kings Attourney *Sr Iohn Bancks*
Succeds him, but may spare his thankes.
Herbert is thought the meerest man
To fill the place of *Bancks* Sr *Iohn*,
London-Recorder thence doth jogge,
In *Herberts* roome to trudge, and fogg:

A

nd St *Johns* one that's ſharp and wittie
made winde-inſtrument o'th' Gitty.
hus tis in towne, but in the Camp
here's one preferrd will make thee ſtamp,
or *Sr Iohn Berkly's* Sergeant Maior
o *Willmott*, det it not bread Jarre,
lor can the Viſcount whom *Iohn* putts
n truſt, prevent it for his gutts
lore ſhalt thou know when tis more fitt,
When thou and I in Tavern fitt;
Till when; and ever, heaven thee ſend
The wiſhes of thy conſtant freind,

I. S.

In ſtreet of Coleman from ſwanne Ally
Where while I ſtay in towne, I ſhall lye
In houſe of Miſtreſſe *Street*, relict
Of *Robert*, whom for mate ſhee pickt:
And where, with eeles, and flounders fryde,
And tongue of Neat that never lyed
I filld my paunch, but when I belſh,
It utter's language worſe than welſh.
Janus the moneth that holdes us tack,
One, with a face be hinde his back:
Full ſixteene hundred yeares wee ſcore
And fiftie, (bateing ſix, and fowr)
And this leape-yeare wee count to bee,
A yeare that comes but once in three.

The same, to the same.

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Thy urine back into thine eyes,
And make thee when my tale thou hear'st
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Now shedd thy moysture, man of Kent:
Two rings shee left, for thee tone, to' thet
For *Andrew* that does call thee brother.
This dries thy teares that were a brewing;
Now li'st to newes of State ensuing.
Iudge *Littleton* is made Lord Keeper.
And feeds on chick and pigeon peeper,
The kings Attourney *Sr Iohn Bancks*
Succeds him, but may spare his thankes.
Herbert is thought the meerest man
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For *Sr Iohn Berkly*'s Sergeant Maior
To *Willmott*, det it not bread Jarre,
Nor can the Viſcount whom *Iohn* putts
In truſt, prevent it for his gutts
More ſhalt thou know when tis more fitt,
When thou and I in Tavern fitt;
Till when, and ever, heaven thee ſend
The wiſhes of thy conſtant freind,

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And fiftie, (bateing ſix, and fowr)
And this leape-yeare wee count to bee,
A yeare that come's but once in three.

The same, to the same.

THy wants wherewith thou long hast tug'd
And been as sad as Bear that's lug'd,
Thou'lt laugh at, when thou hear'st how odly
Thy fellowes shift in Town ungodly.
Commodities we took on trust,
And promis'd Tradesmen payment just,
To be return'd from Northern part,
When treasure hence arriv'd in Cart.
And, but till now of late, they crep
From stair to stair, with trembling step;
So modest, that they blush'd to name,
For what they to our Chambers came.
Impatient now, both young and old,
Assault my fort with knuckle bold.
And as in bed perplex'd I lie,
I hear one say, The Cart's gone by.
With that they all attempt my dore,
With pulse more dacing then before;
And of their parts His make a dinne
Louder, then when they drew me in.
Rouz'd with this rudenesse, first, I chop
Upon some foreman of the shop;
Take him by 'th' hand aside, and there
I tell him wonders in his ear.
So by degrees I send them jogging,
Suppled with Ale, and language cogging.
But newes of this makes Scrivener wary,
And eight i'th hundred Don look awry

That

That we do stoop to sums as small,
As children venture at Cock-all.
And lives we lead, (I cry heaven mercy)
Worse then a Troop that has the Farse,
While man that keeps the Ordinary,
Will not believe, nor Landlord tarry.
O happy Captain, that may'st houze
In Quarter free, and uncheckt browze
On teeming hedge, when purse is light,
Or on the wholsom Sallat bite:
While we have nought, when mony fails,
To bite upon, but our own nails;
And they so short with often tewing,
There's not much left to hold us chewing;
Or if there were, 'twould onely whet
Stomack, for what it could not get,
And make more keen the appetite,
Like tyring-bit for Foulkner's Kyte.
To mend my commons, clad in jerkin,
On *Friday* last I rode to *Barkin*,
Where lowring heavens with welcom sauce us
As when the Fiends were sent for *Faustus*;
Such claps of thunder, and such rain,
That Poets will not stick to feign,
The gods with too much Nectar sped,
Their crackles drew, and piss'd a bed,
And that they belsh'd from stomack musty
Vapour, that made the weather gusty.
Well, 'tis a sad condition, where
A man must fast, or feed in fear.

I lately thee from North did call,
Now stay, or else bring wherewithall,
Unlesse thy credit here prove better,
Than does thy friend's, that wrote this Let[illegible]

I. S.

Day tenth thrice told, the morning fair,
The month still with a face to spare.

The same, to the same.

NO sooner I from supper rose,
But Letter came, though not in prose,
Which tells of fight, and Duell famous,
Perform'd between a man and a mouse.
An English Captain, and a Scot,
The one disarm'd, the other not.
It speaks moreover of some stirring,
To make a Cov'nant new as Herring.
Carr, and *Mountrosse*, and eke *Argile*:
Well was that Nation term'd a Boyl,
In breach of *England*, that doth stick,
And vex the body Politick.
But (whatsoe're be the pretence)
Doubtlesse they strive about the pence;
While English Trooper, like a Gull,
Serves but to hold the Cow to th'Bull.
Pray tell me, *John*, did it not nettle
Thee, and thy Myrmidons of Mettle,

ſee the boy with country-laſh,
ive on the jades that drew the caſh?
d by thy needy quarters go,
ſking the way to Camp of ſo?
Tantalus with hungry maw,
d thirſty gullet, daily ſaw
ater and fruit ſwim by his chaps,
hile he in vain at either ſnaps.
elfe as *Phœbus*, when full fraught,
d tipled with his mornings draught,
els like a drunken Jackanapes,
ith bladder tight, o're ſoyl that gapes:
d afterwards in corner odd,
rhaps leſſe thirſty, empties codd.
fares it with my friends, (god wot)
hom treaſure skips t'enrich the Scot.
ave then that wretched Climate, where
y wants have rid thee like the Mare;
d haſte to Town, where thou ſhalt find
y friend, that now hath newly din'd.

I. S.

ay twenty ſixt, and when *John* ſaies,
ces about, the Month obays.

The

The ſame, to the ſame.

WHy how now friend, why com'ſt thou hither?
Haſt thou not leave as light as feather?
Here have I mark't a Butt of Sack
Whoſe maiden-head ſhall welcome *Jack*,
'Againſt which when drawer advanc'd gimlet
I ſuffer'd him not, but did him let.
And yet thou comm'ſt not; Why doſt pauſe
And there continue, keeping Dawes?
Does Hoſteſſe ſtay thy ſteed perforce.
For that which was not fault of Horſe?
Thou haſte command of more then one,
For I have ſeen at tail of *John*,
Full Palfreys ſixty in array,
(I mean upon the Muſter-day)
Or art thou entertain'd to give
Phyſick to one, that elſe might live,
Some aged Sir, whoſe wife is bent
To change him for a Cock of *Kent*.
Well, be it what it will, I'le ſwear,
There's ſomething in't, that thou ſtay'ſt there
Howe're, let buſineſſe, wine, or friendſhip,
Draw thee from out that Northern endſhip.
If none of thoſe provoke thy ſtraddle,
Take pitty on my riming noddle,
That reſtleſſe runs with numbers fierce,
And's troubled with a flux of verſe.

On that condition I'le relate,
Once more to Captain, newes of State:
Judge *Bartlet* ſitting on his ſtall,
In *Weſtminſter*, with's back to the wall,
Was there ſurpriz'd, and gripd by th'wriſt
By *Maxwell*, with his clouter fiſt;
Who truſs'd the Judge, and bore him hot,
To the Sheriff's houſe, but plum'd him not;
For there he ſet him down i'th Hall,
And left him to them, robes and all.
As when a pack of eager Hounds,
Hunting full cry along the grounds,
Take o're ſome common moor, that's fraught
With old caſt Jades, and good for nought:
Who, conſcious of their fates, do hale up
Their thin ſhort tails, and cry to gallop,
Get out o'th way for life and limme,
Each fearing they are come for him.
So far'd the Judges, ſuch fears wrung 'em,
When *Maxwell* ſpent his mouth among 'em.
Then come away, man, places ſtoop,
Yet thou remainſt in fortune's poop.
If thou were ſet to ride the Circuit,
In *Bartlet*'s room, how thou wouldſt firk it.
The art is, to forget acquaintance,
And break a jeſt in giving Sentence,
Which thou wilt learn, and then be quick
With Sheriff's, and thou haſt the trick.
Theſe leſſons con, and keep in ſtore,
From *S* that hath an *J* before.

From

From *Bromely*, where I ghuess by th' *Mill-D*
That tis the Moneth sirnamed *Fill-Dike*
Which govern's now, and I beleeve
The day is *Tom* of *Strafford's* Eye,
Full sixteen hundred yeares (I hold)
And fifty (bating five twice told)
Expired are since yeare of grace
I'th Almanack first shew'd his face:
Or (which is nearer to our trade)
Twelve score and two, since Guns were made

The Gallants of the Times.

Supposed to be made by Mr. William Murrey *of His Majesties Bed-chamber.*

COme hither the maddest of all the Land,
The *Bear* at the Bridge-foot this day mu
(be baite
Gallants flock thither on every hand
Waggswantonly minded, & merry conceite
Ther's *Wentworth*, and *Willmott*, and *Weston* an
(Ca
If these are not mad boys, who the devil
(would you have
To drink to *Will Murray*, they all doe agre
And every one crys, *To mee, boys, to mee!*

A great Burgandine for *Will-Murray's* ſake
George Symonds, he vows the firſt courſe to take:
When *Stradling* a Gratian dogg let fly,
Who took the Bear by the noſe immediatly;
To ſee them ſo forward *Hugh Pollard* did ſmile
Who had an old Curr of Canary Oyl,
And held up his head that *George Goring* might ſee,
Who then cryed aloud, *To mee, boys to mee!*

Tis pleaſure to drink among theſe men
For they have witt and valour good ſtore,
They all can handle a ſword and a pen
Can court a lady and tickle a whore,
And in the middle of all their wine,
Diſcourſe of *Plato*, and *Aretine*,
And when the health coms fall-down on their knees,
And hee that wants, cry, *to me boys to mee*

Cornwallais was ſet in an upper room
With halfe a duzzen ſmal witts of his ſize:
He ſent twice or thrice to have him come down,
But they would admitt him in no manner wiſe
Though, in a full bowle of Rheniſhhe ſwear,
Hee'd never tell more, when woemen were there,
But they all cry'd alou'd his tongue is too free
He is not company for ſuch as wee.

The Anſwer,

By Mr. Peter Apſley.

THough *Marray* be, undoubtedlie,
His countrey's cheifeſt wit;
And none but thoſe converſe with him
Are held companions fitt:
Yett I do know ſom Holland blades
Shall vie witth him for it, hey downe, ho downe
Hay downe downe derry dery downe!
Thinke not all praiſes due,
For ſome that buff do weare
Can whore and rore and ſweare
And drink and talke and fight as well as you.

Your *Wentworth* and your *Weſton*
Your *Stradling* and your *Tred*,
I know they are as joviall boys
As ever Taverne bred
And can ſomtimes like ſouldiers live
A weeke without a bedd, hey downe &c.

George Generall of Guenifrieds
He is a joviall Lad;
Though his Heart and Fortunes diſagree
Oft times to make him ſad:
Yet give him but a flout or two
And ſtrait you'l ſwear hees mad: Hey downe, &c.

Theirs

There's *Sydenham Crofts* and *Kelligrew*
Muſt not be left behind,
And that old ſmooth-fac'd Epicure
They call him *Harry Wind*
For if you do diſcourſe with him
Such company you'l finde: hey downe, &c.

There's little *Geofrey Peeters*,
As good as any of thoſe
If hee'd leave his preventing way
Of abuſing his great noſe
Hee's witt and Poett good enough
That hee can pawne his cloathes: hey
(downe, &c.

There is a joviall Parſon
Who to theſe men doth preach:
On the week days he does learn of them,
And on Sundays does them teach.
Of books and of good company
Hee takes his ſhare of each; hey down ho
down,
Hey down down dery dery down!
Thinke not all prayſes due
For if he did not weare
A gowne hee'd roare and ſweare
And drink and talke and fight as well as you.

The Burſſe of Reformation.

WE wil go no more to the old Exchang,
Theres no good ware at all:
Their bodkins and their thimbles too
Went long ſince to Guild-hall.
But we will to the new Exchange
Where all things are in faſhion
And we will have it hence forth call'd
The Burſe of reformation.
Come lads and laſſes, what do you lack
Here is weare of all prizes
Here's long & ſhort; heres wide & ſtraight;
Here are things of all fizes.

Madam, you may fitt your ſelfe
With all ſorts of good pinns,
Sirs, here is jett and here is hayre,
Gold and cornelian ringe,
Here is an engliſh conny furr,
Ruſhia hath no ſuch ſtuff,
Which for to keep your fingers warme,
Excells your ſables muffe.
come ladds, &c.

Pray you Madam ſitt, ile ſhew good ware
For crowding nere fear that,
Againſt a ſtall or on a ſtool
Youl nere hurt a crevait.

Heer'

We have all things that women want
Except Italian Locks.
Come Ladds, &c.

Here are hot Boyes have backs like bulls,
At firſt ſight can leap laſſes;
And bearded Ladds hold out like Goats:
And here are ſome like Aſſes.
Here are Gallants can out-do
Your Uſher or your Page;
You need not go to Ludgate more
Till threeſcore yeares of age.
Come Ladds, &c.

Madam, here is a Politicus
Was Pragmaticus of late,
And here is an Elenticus
That Fallacies doth prate:
Here is the Intelligencer too,
See how 'bout him they throng!
Whilſt Melancholicus a ſong
Walks here to make this ſong.
Com Ladds, &c.

Then lett's no more to the Old Exchange
There's no good ware at all,
Their Bodkins, and their Thimbles too,
Went long ſince to *Guild-Hall*.
But we will to the New Exchange
Where all things are in Faſhion,

And vve vvill have it henceforth call'd,
The Burſe of Reformation. (Iack?
Come Ladds, & Laſſes, vvhat do you
Here is vvare of all prizes; (ſtraight,
Here's long and ſhort, here's vvide and
here are things of all ſizes.

The Anſwer.

WE will go no more to the new Ex-
Their Credit's like to fall, (change
Their Money and their Loyalty
Is gone to *Goldſmith's Hall.*
But we will keep our Old Exchange,
VVhere wealth is ſtill in Faſhion,
Gold Chaines and Ruffes ſhall beare the Bell,
For all your Reformation.
Look on our VValls and Pillars too
You'l find us much the ſounder:
Sir *Thomas Greſham* ſtands upright
But Crook-back was your founder.

There you have poynts and pinns and rings,
With ſuch like toyes as thoſe,
There Patches Gloves and Ribons gay,
And O our money goes.
But when a Fammily is ſunck,
And Titles are a fading,

Some

Some Merchant's daughter setts you up,
Thus great ones lives by trading.
Look, &c.

Marke the Nobility throughout,
Moderne and Antient too,
You'l see what power the Citty had
And how much it could do.
Not many houses you'l observe
Of honour true or seeming,
But have received from the Burse
Creation or redeeming.
Look, &c.

Our wonted meetings are at twelve,
VVhich all the world approves,
But you keep off till candle-time,
To make your secret Loves.
Then you come flocking in a maine
Like birds of the same feather,
Or beasts repayring to the Arke
Uncleane and cleane together.
Look, &c,

Wee strike a bargaine on the Exchange,
But make it good else where,
And your procedings are alike
Though not so good I fear.
For your commodities are naught,
How ever you may prize them,

Then

Then corners and darke holes are ſought;
The better to diſguize them,
Looke, &c.

We walke ore cellars richly fill'd;
With ſpices of each kind,
You have a Taverne underneath;
And ſo you'r undermin'd.
If ſuch a building long endure
All ſober men may wonder,
When giddy and light heads prevaile,
Both above ground and under.
Look, &c.

Wee have an Office, to enſure
Our ſhipps and goods at ſea:
No tempeſt, rock, or pyrat, can
Deprive us of that plea.
But if your Ladies ſpring a leake
Or boarded be and taken;
Who ſhall ſecure your Capitoll
And ſave your heads from aking!
Look, &c.

Then wee'l go no more to the new Eexchange
Their credit's like to fall,
Their money and their loyalty,
Is gone to Gold-ſmiths hall.
But wee will keep our old exchange,
Where wealth is ſtill in faſhion;

Gold

Gold chaines and ruffs ſhall bear the bell,
For all your reformation.
Look on our walls and pillars too,
You'l finde us much the ſounder:
Sir Thomas Gresham ſtands upright,
But Crook-back was your founder.

On S. W. S. and L. P.

Shee that admires her ſervant's face,
His ſtature, limbs, or haire,
Does not conceive the moderne waies
Of Ladies, wiſe and faire.
Hee's but ſhort,
Care not for't,
There be tall ones enough,
Though his head
Bee all redd,
Let his coyne bee ſo too.

What though his noſe turne in and out
With paſſage wide and large,
Not much unlike a rainy ſpout,
His humors to diſcharge,
Though his back,
Weare a pack
Tis a toy among friends,

So

So by hook,
Or by crook,
We may compasse our ends.

'Tis not your witt nor language charme,
That takes a femall eare
A paire of pendants worth a farme
Are held more welcom there.
You abuse
Your poor muse,
When you write us fine fancies;
For no love
Can improve
Without suppers or daunces.

God dam-mee is a good conceit,
If they who sweare present us;
For that's your only taking baite
Words nere can circumvent us.
There belongs
More then songs
To a necklace or gown,
When your plays
And essays
May be had for a crown.

The Tytre-Tues, or A Mock-

Songe to the tune of Chive-Chase.

By Mr *George Chambers.*

TWo madcaps were commited late,
For treason, as some say;
It was the wisdom of the State,
Admire it all you may.
Brave *Andrew Windsor* was the prince
George Chambers favorite.
These two bred this unknowne offence
I wo'd they had bine be ———

They call themselves the Tytere-tues
And wore a blew Rib——bin,
And when a drie, would not refuse,
To drink—— O fearefull sinn!
The Councell, which is thought most wise,
Did sett so long upon't,
That they grew wearie, and did rise,
And could make nothing on't.

But still, the common people cri'd,
This must not be forgot;
Some had for smaller matters di'd
They'd don——wee know not what:
Hang'd, drawne, and quarter'd, must they be,
So Law doth sett it downe,
It's punishment for papistrie
That are of high renowne.

My

My Lord of *Canterburie's* grace
This treason brought ot light
El's had it bin a pitious case
But that his power and might
Had queld their pride which swell'd to high;
For which the child ungot
May with him live e'ne till hee die
As silie sheepe that tott.

Let Papist frowne what need wee care
Hee lives above their reach:
And will his silver Mitre weare
Though now forgot to preach.
If hee were but behind mee now,
And should this ballad heare;
Sure he'd revenge with bended bow
And I die like a Deere.

A Northern Ballet.

THere dwelt a man in faire *Westmerland*
Ionne Armestrong men did him call,
He had nither lands nor rents coming in,
Yet he kept eight score men in his hall.

He had Horse and Harness for them all,
Goodly Steeds were all milke white,
O the golden bands an abour their necks;
And their weapons they were all alike.

Newes

Newes then was brought unto the King,
That there was ſicke a won as hee,
That lived ſyke a bold out-Law
And robbed all the north country.

The King he writt an a letter then
A letter which was large and long,
He ſigned it with his owne hand,
And he promiſed to doe him no wrong.

When this letter came *Ionne* untill
His heart it was as blyth as birds on the tree,
Never was I ſent for before any King
My father, my Grandfather, nor none but mee.

And if wee goe the King before,
I wolud we went moſt orderly,
Every man of you ſhall have his ſcarlet cloak
Laced with ſilver laces three.

Every won of you ſhall have his velvett coat
Laced with ſillver lace ſo white,
And the golden bands an about your neck's
Black hatts, white feathers, all alyke.

By the morrow morninge at ten of the clock
Towards *Edenburough* gon was hee
And with him all his eight ſcore men,
Good lord it was a goodly ſight for to ſee,

VVhen

When *Ionne* came befower the King
He fell downe on his knee,
O pardon my Soveraine Leige, he said
O pardon my eight score men and mee.

Thou shalt have no pardon, thou traytor strong
For thy eight score men nor thee
For to morrow morning by ten of the clock,
Both thou and them shall hang on the gallow tree.

But *Ionne* looke'd over his left shoulder
Good Lord what a grevious look looked hee;
Saying asking grace of a graceles face,
Why there is none for you nor me.

But *Ionne* had a bright sword by his side,
And it was made of the mettle so Free,
That had not the king stept his foot aside
He had smitten his head from his faire bodde.

Saying, fight on my merry men all,
And see that none of you be taine,
For rather then men shall say we were hange'd
Let them report how we were slaine.

Then god wott faire *Eddenburrough* rose
And so besett poore *Ionne* rounde
That fowerscore and tenn of *Ionnes* best men
Lay gasping all upon the ground.

Then

Then like a mad man *Ionne* laide about,
And like a mad man then fought hee,
Untill a falce Scot came *Ionne* behinde,
And runn him through the faire boddee.

Saying, Fight on my merry men all,
And ſee that none of you be taine,
For I will ſtand by and bleed but a while,
And then will I come and fight againe.

Newes then was brought to young *Ionne Armeſtrong*,
As he ſtood by his nurſes knee,
Who vowed if er'e he live'd for to be a man,
Oth' the treacherous Scots reveng'd hee'dbe.

By Mr. *Richard Barnslay.*

FAme told mee, Lady, your fayr hands would make
A willow garland for me; O forſake
That diſmall office, it do's not agree
With thoſe ſweet looks, that fair aſpect in thee.
Fayreſt of women, canſt thou bee my friend?
And with thine owne hand haſten on my end?
If I muſt looſe thee, let mee looſe thee ſo
As not to bee my utter overthrow.

Time leſſons ſorrow, we endure our croſſes,
And happieſt fortunes may redeem our loſſes,
But if I wear one branch of that ſad tree,
I ſhall remember it eternally,
What prize I loſt; and then in ſome ſad grove
Of diſcontent, where fearfull ghoſts doe rove
Of the forſaken lovers, there I'le bee
And only they ſhall keep mee company.
Untill theſe eyes, in ſome unpolliſh'd cave
Running like fountaines, weare mee forth a grave,
And then I'le dye, yet firſt I will curſe thee
Damned, unlucky, fruitleſſe willow-tree
Still mayeſt thou withered ſtand, mayſt nev'r bee ſeen
Clad in ſweet ſummers pride, may'ſt nev't grow greene;
May every bryer, and every bramble bee,
Like a full Cedar, or huge Oake to thee:
And when ſome cankerd axe ſhall hewe thee down,
Come never neerer citty, houſe or towne.
But bee thou burnd, yet never mayſt thou bee
A chriſtmas block for joviall company.
But bee thou placed neare ſome ugly ditch
To burne ſome murderer, or damned witch.
Caſt away Willow, Lady, then, and chooſe,
Dog-tree, or hemlock, or the mornfull yewe
Torne from ſome church-yard ſide, the curſed thorne

O

Or elſe the weed, which ſtill before it's borne
Nine times the devill ſees; if you command
Ile weare them all, compos'd by your fayre hand
So that you'l grant mee, that I may goe free
From the ſad branches of the willowe tree.

Ad Johannuelem Leporem, *Lepidiſſimum, Carmen Heroicum.*

I Sing the furious battails of the Sphæres
Acted in eight and twenty fathom deep,
And from that (*a*) time, reckon ſo many yeares
You'l find (*b*) *Endimion* fell faſt aſleep.

(*a*) There began the *Utopian* accompt of years, *Mor: Lib. 1. circa finem.*

(*b*) *Endimion* was a handſome young Welſhman, whom one *Luce Moone* lov'd for his ſweet breath; and would never hang off his lips but he not caring for her, eat a bundance of toaſted cheeſe, purpoſely to make his breath unſavory; upon which, ſhe left him preſently, and ever ſince 'tis proverbially ſpoken [as inconſtant as *Luce Moone.*] The *Vatican* coppy of Heſiod, reades her name, *Mohun*, but contractedly it is *Moone. Heſiod. lib. 4. tom. 3.*

And now aſſiſt me O ye (*c*) Muſiques nine
That tell the Orbs in order as they fight,

(*c*) For all the Orbes make Muſick in their motion, *Beroſus de ſphæra. lib. 3.*

And thou dread (*d*) *Atlas* with thine eyes so fine,
Smile on me now that first begin to write.

(*d*) *Atlas* was a Porter in *Mauritania*, and because by reason of his strength, he bore burthens of stupendious weight, the Poets fain'd, that he carried the Heavens on his shoulders. *Cicero. de nat. Deorum. lib.* 7.

(*e*) *Pompey* that once was Tapster of *New-Inne*,
And fought with (*f*) *Cæsar* on th' (*g*) *Æmathian* plaines,
First with his dreadfull (*g*) *Myrmidons* came in
And let them blood in the Hepatick veines.

(*e*) There were two others of these names, Aldermen of *Rome. Tit. Liu. hist. lib.* 28.

(*f*) *Æmathia*, is a very faire Common in *Northampton-shire*, *Strabo. lib.* 321.

(*g*) These *Myrmidons* were *Corniß-men*, and sent by *Bladud*, sometimes King of this Realme, to ayd *Pompey*. *Cæsar de bello. civili. lib.* 14.

But then an *Antelope* in Sable blew,
Clad like the (*h*) Prince of *Aurange* in his Cloke,
Studded with Satyres, on his Army drew,
And presently (*i*) *Pheander's* Army broke.

(*h*) It seemes not to be meant by *Count Henry*, but his brother *Maurice*, by comparing his picture to the thing here spoken of. *Jansen. de prad. lib.* 22.

(*i*) *Pheander* was so modest, that he was called the Maiden Knight; and yet so valiant, that a French Cavaleer wrote his life, and called his Book, *Pheandre the Maiden Knight. Hon. d' Vrfee. Tom.* 45.

(*k*) *Phil-*

(*k*) *Philip*, for hardineſs ſirnamed *Chub*,
In Beauty equall to fork-bearing (*l*) *Bacchus*,
Made ſuch a thruſt at (*m*) *Phœbe*, with his Club,
That made the (*n*) *Parthians* cry, ſhe will be-
cack us.

(*k*) This ſeemes not to be that King, that was Son of *Amintas*, and King of *Macedon*; but one who it ſeems was very laſcivious: for I ſuſpect there is ſome obſcæne conceit in that word *Club* in the third verſe following: beſides, marke his violence.

(*l*) *Bacchus*, was a drunken yeoman of the Guard to Queen *Elizabeth*, and a great Archer; ſo that it ſeemes the Authour miſtooke his halbert, for a forke.

(*m*) This was *Long-Megg* of *Weſtminſter*, who after this conflict with *Phillip*, followed him in all his warres. *Juſtinian. lib.* 35.

(*n*) Theſe were *Lancaſhire-men*, and ſent by King *Gorbadug* (for this war ſeemes to have been in the time of the *Heptarchy* in *England*) to the aide of *Cæſar*. *Cæſar. lib. citat. prope finem.*

VVhich heard, the *Delphick* Oracle drew nigh,
To wipe faire *Phœbe*, if ought were amiſs,
But (*o*) *Heliotrope*, a little crafty ſpye,
Cry'd clours were needleſs, for ſhe did but piſs

(*o*) And therefore, the herb into which he was turned, was called *Turnſole*. *Ovid. Metam. lib.* 25.

A ſubtle Gloworme lying in a hedge (*pollo*,
And heard the ſtory of ſweet cheek't (*p*) *Ap-*
Snatch'd from bright (*q*) *Styropes* his Antick
ſledge

And to the butter'd Flownders cry'd out, (r)
Holla.

(p) *Appollo*, was *Caſars* Page, and a *Monomatapan* by birth, whoſe name by inverſion was *Ollopa*: which in the old language of that Country, ſignifies as much as faire youth: but, *Euphoniæ Gratia*, called *Apollo*, *Gor. Bec. lib.* 46.

(q) *Styropes*, was a lame Smiths-man dwelling in S. *Johns-ſtreet*; but how he was called *Bright*, I know not, except it were by reaſon of the Luſter of his eyes.

(r) *Holla*, miſtaken for *Apollo*.

Holla you pamper'd Jades, quoth he, look here,
And mounting ſtraight upon a Lobſters thigh
An *Engliſh* man inflam'd with (s) double Beere,
Swore nev'r to (t) drink to Man, a Woman by.

(s) *Cerviſia* (*apud Medicos, vinum hordeaceum*) *potus eſt Anglis longè chariſſimus; Inventum Ferrarij* Londinenſis, *Cui nomen* Smuggo. *Polydor. Virgil, de Invent. rerum. lib.* 2.

(t) *Imp. Germaniæ, antiquitus ſolebant, ſtatis temporibus, adire Baſingſtochium; ubi, de more, Juſjurandum ſolenne præſtabant, de non viro propinando, præſente muliere: Hic Mos, jamdudum apud Anglos, pene vim legis obtinuit; quippe gens illa, longe humaniſſima morem iſtum, in hodiernum uſque diem, magna Curioſitate, pari Comitate conjunctâ, uſurpant. Pancirol. utriuſque imperij. lib.* 6. *cap.* 5.

By this time grew the conflict to be (u) hot,
Boots againſt boots 'gainſt (x) Sandals,
Sandals, fly.

Many

Many poor thirſty men went to the pot,
Feathers lopt off, ſpurrs every where did lie.
Cætera deſiderantur.

(u) It ſeemes this was a great battail, both by the furie of it, & the aydes of each ſide; but hereof read more, in *Cornel. Tacit. lib. de moribus German.*

(x) This is in imitation of *Lucan*——
——— *Signis Signa, & pila* ——*&c.*
Pharſalia. lib. 1. *in principio.*

Bagnall's Ballet, ſupplied of what was left out in Muſarum Deliciæ.

A Ballet, a ballet! let every Poet,
A ballett make with ſpeed:
And he that has wit, now let him ſhew it;
For never was greater need:
And I that never made ballett before;
Will make one now, though I never make more.
Oh Women, monſtrous women,
What do you meane to doe!

It is their pride and ſtrange attire,
Which binds me to this taske;
Which King, and Court, did much admire,
At the laſt Chriſtmas maske,
But by your entertainment then, (agen.
You ſhould have ſmal cauſe to come there
Oh Women, &c.

You cannot bee contented to go,
As did the women of old;
But you are all for pride and ſhow,
As they were for weather and cold,
O Women, women! fie, fie, fie,
I wonder you are not aſhamed.
O Women, &c.

Where is the decency becom;
Which your fore-mothers had?
With Gowns of Cloth, and Capps of Thrum,
They went full meanly cladd.
But you muſt jett it in ſilkes and gold;
Your pride, though in winter, is never a cold.
O Women, &c.

Your faces trick'd and painted bee,
Your breaſts all open bare:
So farr that a man may almoſt ſee
Unto your Lady ware:
And in the church, to tell you true,
Men cannot ſerve God for looking on you.
O Women, &c.

And at the Devills ſhopps you buy,
A dreſſe of powdered hayre,
On which your feathers flaunt and fly,
But i'de wiſh you have a care;
Leſt Lucifer's ſelfe who is not prouder
Do one day dreſſe up your haire with a powder.
O Women, &c.

And

And many there are of thoſe that go
Attyr'd from head to heele,
That them from men you cannot know
Unleſſe you do them feele,
But oh for ſhame though they have none,
Tis better believe, and let them alone,
O Women, &c.

Both round and ſhort they cut their hayre
Whoſe length ſhould women grace,
Looſe like themſelves, their harts they weare.
And when they come in place,
Where courtſhipp and complements muſt bee,
They do it like men with cappe and knee.
O Women, &c.

They at their ſides againſt our laws,
With little punyards go,
Which ſurely is, (I thinke) becauſe,
They love mens weapons ſo;
Or elſe it is they'le ſtobb all men,
That do refuſe to ſtabb them agen.
O Women, &c,

Doublets like to men they weare,
As if they ment to flout us,
Truſt round with poynts and ribbons fayre,
But I pray letts look about us;
For ſince the doublett ſo well doth fitt 'um,
They will have the breeches; and if they can
get 'um. *O Women*, &c.

Nor do they care what a wiſe man ſaith,
Or preachers in their defame.
But jeer and hold him an aſſe; but I faith
They'd bluſh if they had any ſhame:
For citty and countrey do both deride 'um
And our King, God bleſſe him, cannot abide 'um.
O Women, &c.

And when the mask was at the court,
Before the King to be ſhowne,
They got upon ſeats to ſee the ſport,
But ſoon they were pull'd down;
And many were thruſt out of dores,
Their coats well cudgel'd, & they cal'd whores.
O King, Relligious King,
God ſave thy Majeſtie.

And ſo with prayers to God on high,
To grant his highneſſe peace,
Wee hope we ſhall finde remedie
To make this miſchiefe ceaſe:
Since he in Court has tane ſo good order,
The citty leave to the Maior and Recorder,
O King, Relligious King,
God bleſſe thy majeſtie.

And women all whom this concerns,
Though you offended bee;
And now in foule and rayling tearms
Do ſwagger and ſcold at mee;

I tell you, if you mend not your waies
The devil will fetch you all, one of theſe days,
Oh Women monſtrous Women!
What do you mean to do?

Mr. Smith, *to Sir* John Mennis, *upon the ſurrender of* Conway Caſtle *by the Ar,* BY.

AND how? and how? haſt thou cry'd quittance
With *Mountaine*, Biſhop, and his Brittaines
Who after all his changes, had
Yet one trick more, to make John mad?
Hadſt thou, for this, charge of the Keyes
Old as the Caſtle? and the payes
Of Men unborne? that never took
A name, but from thy Muſter-Book?
Haſt thou been honour'd with the knee
Of the Time-aged-Porter? Hee
Who after reverence, humbly ſate
Below the Salt, and munch'd his Sprat,
And after all this to be vex't
Paſt ſufferance, by a Man o'th 'Text!
Well! now thou'rt come in ſight of *Pauls*,
Haſt thou compounded for thy Coales
And ſwallowed glib in hope to thrive,
The Covenant, and Oath Negative

With

With hand lift up, like thoſe that are
Indicted for leſs crimes at Barre?
Beleeve me, friend, it is a Burden
Worſe then a cloſe-ſtoole with a Turd in.
Yet if from Britiſh rocks th' haſt brought
A heard of Goats, or Runts, or ought
That Country yeilds; Flannel, Carnoggins,
Store of Meathglin in thy waggons;
Leſs needſt thou dwindle to appeare Man
At *Goldſmiths-Hall* before the Chaire-man:
Or if th'aſt plundered Pedlars-pack
And truſs'd it on thy knightly back,
Rich in Box-whiſtles, combs in caſes,
Tape white and blue, points, inkle, laces,
'T may ſatisfye thoſe hungry Kings;
They'l hang thee elſe in thine own ſtrings.
And now I call to mind the tale,
How mounted in thy nights of ale
Thou rod'ſt home duely to thy Den
On back of reſty Cittizen,
Still preſſing as the cattle grew
Weary, at every ſtage, a new:
Some thorough-pac'd, and ſure of foot
Some tripping, with ſtring-halt to boot,
Now 'tis their time, and thou art ore-
Ridden by them, thou roadſt before.
So have I ſeen the flyes in Summer,
Yellow as was the neighbouring ſcummer,
With ſhambling thighs, each other back
By turns, and traverſe o're the rack.
Ah! worthy friend, it makes me mad

To count the dayes, that we have had;
When we might freely meet and drink
And each man speak what he did think.
Now every step we doubt, and word
As men to passe some unknown for'd.
As Patridges devide their way
When stoop'd at by the Birds of prey,
And dare not from their coverts peep
Till night's come on, and all's asleep,
Then from their severall brakes they hast,
And call together to repast.
So frighted by these buzzards, flye
Our scattered friends, and sculking lye
Till cover'd in the night, they chant
And call each other to the hant,
Some trusty Taverne, where in bowles
They drown their feares, & chirp poore fouls,
What sad plight are we in? what pickles?
That we must drink in conventicles?
Search all the Centuries, there's none
Like this fell Persecution;
But when Time sorts, do but but command,
At noon I'le meet thee, here's my hand.

I. S.

Dated,
From house of Knight, in *Nympton-Regis*,
Where one drinks, and another pledges,
I meane at meales, the day is Jack,
The 15 of the month that's black,
Forty eight yeares, and sixteen hundred
Since that of Grace, away are squandred,

And ſince Parliament begon
(I hope you'l not forget that *John*)
Nothing remaines, but that I ſay,
Good morrow; that's the time o'th day.

An anſwer to a Letter from Sr. John Mennis, *wherein he jeeres him for falling ſo quickly to the uſe of the Directory.*

FRiend, thou doſt laſh me with a ſtory,
A long one too, of Directory;
When thou alone deſerves the Birch
That brought'ſt the bondage on the Church.
Didſt thou not treat for *Briſtow* Citty
And yeld it up? the more's the pitty.
And ſaw'ſt thou not, how right or wrong
The common prayer-book went along?
Didſt thou not ſcourſe, as if inchanted,
For Articles *Sir Thomas* granted,
And barter, as an Author ſaith,
The Articles o'th' Chriſtian faith?
And now the Directory joſtles
Chriſt out o'th' Church, and his Apoſtles;
And tears down the commnion-rayles
That Men may take it on their tayles.
Imagine freind, *Bochus* the King,
Engraven on *Sylla's* Signet ring,
Delivering up into his hands
Fugurth, and with him all his Lands,

Whom

Whom *Sylla* tooke and sent to Rome
There to abide the Senate's doome,
In the same posture, I suppose,
John standing in's doublet and hose,
Delivering up, amidst the throng,
The common-prayer and wisedom's song
To hands of *Fairfax* to be sent
A sacrifice to the Parliament:
Thou litle thoughtst what geare began
Wrap't in that Treaty, *Busie John*,
There lurk'd the fire, that turn'd to cinder
The Church; her ornaments to tinder.
There bound up in that Treaty lyes
The fate of all our Christmas pyes,
Our holy-dayes there went to wrack
Our Wakes were layd upon their back;
Our Gossips spoones away were lurch'd
Our feasts and fees for woemen church'd,
All this and more ascribe we might
To thee at *Bristow*, wretched knight,
Yet thou upbraidst, and raylst in rime
On me, for that, which was thy crime,
So froward Children in the Sun,
Amid' their sports some shrewd turne donne
The faulty youth begins to prate,
And layes it on his harmlesse mate,

Dated
From *Nympton* where the Cyder smiles
And *Iames* has horse as lame as *Gyles*

The

The fourth of *May*; and dost thou heare,
'Tis as I take it, the eighth yeare
Since *Portugall* by *Duke Braganza*
Was cut from *Spaine* without a hand-saw.

I. S.

Mr. *Smith's taking a Purge.*

IN morne when *Phœbus* peep't through (crevis,
Bold as our Brittish *Guy* or *Bevis*
I powder took, and by his beams
Befreinded, made a draught for *Jeames*.
Long had it not in stomack been
But from each part, came powdring in
Of uncouth gear such pregnant store
That gutt 'gan grumble, nock runne ore.
Have yee beheld with eager haste
The trewant Citts when scene is past,
(As if they meant their ribs to burst
While each beares up to get out first)
Cloy up the doore, till passage small
Into one body rammes 'em all,
And then in steed of men and witt
Delivers up a lumpe of citt.
With no lesse furie in a throng
Away these tychie humors flung,

And

And downwards in a rage they drew
To ramble, and bid nock adieu;
But when they came to portall naſtie
Bumme was ſo ſtraite, and they ſo haſtie,
That many a worthy pellett muſt
Into one Booming ſhott bee thruſt,
At rumbling noyſe the maſtive growles
The frighted mice forſake their holes,
And Souldiers to my window come;
Invited thither by my drum,
Tire'd with this hideous coyle behinde
Nocke layd about him hard for winde,
Hee chaf'd, and ſom'd, as buck embo'lt,
And painted like a toad that's toſt.
At length he gaind a litle tyme,
And cleard his Organ from the ſlime;
Pale was his look, (for to be blunt),
Arſe could not ſett a good face on't.
But yet hee ſtrove with village wan
To vent himſelfes and thus began.
Oh diſmall Doſeloh curſed geere!
Will all thy body runne out here?
Will vaynes, and ſinnews, fleſh, and bone
Be gadding, and leave nock alone?
Is it decreed, oh crewell fates!
So *Mindus* at her citty gates
As was ſuſpected there about.
Some time or other might runne out,
A Divell ſure bak't, and ſtale
Was grated in my poſſet-ale,

Or elſe 'twas powder of the bones
Of ſome foote ſouldier dead for the nonce,
For all the way he travailes North
Through ſtomack, belly, and ſo forth.
Some what he ſeizes in each towne,
And take's it with him as his owne;
Well, what ſo ere thou wer't, be ſure
Thy vengeance 'ile no more indure,
Nor ſhall the head or ſtomack put
More then is fitting into gutt.
Why could not noſtrells, eyes, or eare,
By milde expences vent you there?
Or vomitt, by a neerer way,
Diſcharge what in the ſtomak lay?
Or i'ſt not juſtice they that paſ'd
The pleaſure, ſhould the bitter taſte?
Can you accuſe mee? ever came
Ought in by me did body blame?
Unleſſe your keeping ope my doore
Drew wind, to make the fabrick roare;
I was contented once a day
While you were temperate, to obay,
But he is curſt that's forc't to ſtand
All the day long with hoſe in hand.
Nor was the ſpincter muſcle put
At every turne to ope and ſhut,
But there to ſtand, and notice take
Who paſſ'd, and when, and for whoſe ſake.
Therefore bee warn'd keepe better dyet
That all of us may live at quiett.

Or

Or ile ſtopp up the abuſe'd courſe
And ſend up fumes will make you worſe
And you (as *Mayerne* doth) they ſay
Divert the vent another way,
Then ſpight of phyſick, in a word,
I'le make your palace raſt a gourd,
And when you belch I'le turne the ſent
To perfect ſmell of fundament.

The Miller and the King's Daughter,

By Mr. Smith.

There were two Siſters they went a playing,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe-a-
To ſee their fathers ſhips come ſayling in
With a hy downe, downe, a downe-o-

And when they came unto the ſea-brym,
With, &c,
The elder did puſh the younger in;
With, &c.

O Siſter, O Siſter, take me by the gowne,
With, &c,
And drawe me up upon the dry ground,
With, &c.

O Siſter, O Siſter, that may not bee,
With, &c.

Till ſalt and oatmeale grow both of a tree;
With, &c.

Somtymes ſhe ſanke, Somtymes ſhe ſwam,
With, &c.
Untill ſhe came unto the mil-dam;
With, &c.

The miller runne haſtily downe the cliffe,
With &c.
And up he tooke her without en her life,
With, &c.

What did he doe with her breſt bone?
With, &c.
He made him a viall to play thereupon,
With, &c.

What did he doe with her fingers ſo ſmall?
With, &c.
He made him peggs to his Violl withall;
With, &c.

What did he doe with her noſe-ridge?
With, &c.
Unto his Violl he made him a bridge,
With, &c.

What did he do with her Veynes ſo blewe?
With, &c.

He made him ſtrings to his Viole thereto;
with, &c.

What did he doe with her eyes ſo bright?
with, &c.
Upon his Violl he playd at firſt ſight;
with, &c.

What did he doe with her tongue ſoe rough?
with, &c.
Unto the violl it ſpake enough;
with, &c.

What did he doe with her two ſhinnes?
with, &c.
Unto the violl they danc't *Moll Syms*;
with, &c.

Then beſpake the treble ſtring,
with, &c.
O yonder is my father the King;
with, &c.

Then beſpake the ſecond ſtring,
with &c.
O yonder ſitts my mother the Queen:
with, &c.

And then beſpake the ſtringes all three;
with, &c.

O yonder is my ſiſter that drowned mee.
with, &c.

Now pay the miller for his payne,
with, &c.
And let him bee gone in the divels name.
with, &c.

Mr. Smith, *to* Tom Pollard, *and* Mr. Mering.

MY hearty commendations firſt remembred
To *Tom*, & *Robbin* tall men, and well timberd
Hoping of both your welfares, and your bliſſe
Such as my ſelfe enjoy'd when I wrote this;
Theſe are to let you underſtand and know,
That love will creepe there where it cannot go
And that each morning I doe drink your healths
After our Generalls, & the Commonwealths;
For nothing is more fatall then diſorder
Eſpecially now *Leſly's* on the Border;
That done we gather into *Rankes* and files,
That a farre off we look like greeat wood piles;
And then we practiſe over all our knacks;
With as much eaſe as men make Almanacks,

O Size

Size all our bullets to a dram, we hate
To kill a foe with waſte unto the State,
And for our carriage heere, it hath been ſuch
Declar't I cannot, but Ile give a touch:
Here is noe outrage done, not one that Robbs
Perhaps you think it ſtrange *Tom*, ſo does *Nobbs*
But tis as true as ſteele, for on my word;
Their worſt is drinking Ale, browne as their ſword.
But harke the *fiendes* are come cloſe to *Carlile*,
Lidſdale is cope't with *Rebell-Scotts* the while
To us they ſend for helpe, the poſtboy ſkudds;
And ſcoures his pallfrie in his propper Sudds,
More I could write deare friends, but bad's the weather
And time's as precious as you both to gether.
But take not this unkindely; I profeſſe
There's no man more your ſervant then *I S.*

Newcaſtle where the drouth has been
That makes graſſe ſhort, and gelding thin:
July the fifth I wrote this letter
One thouſand ſix hunderd, & ſomewhat better

Upon Iohn Felton's *hanging in Chaines at* Portſ-mouth, *for killing the Duke of Buckingham.*

HEre uninterd ſuſpends (though not to ſave
Surviving friends the expences of a grave
Felton's dead earth, which to the world muſt bee
His own ſad monument, his Elegye
As large as fame, but whither bad or good
I ſay not, by himſelf 'twas writ in blood
For with his body thus entomb'd in ayre
Arch'd o're with Heaven, ſet with thouſand faire
And glorious Diamond-ſtarrs; a Sepulcher
Which time can never ruinate, and where
Th'impartiall worme (which is not brib'd to ſpare
Princes when wrapt in Marble) cannot ſhare
His fleſh (which oft the charitable skyes
Embalme with teares doing thoſe obſequies
Belong to men) ſhall laſt till pittying foul
Contend to reach his body to his Soule.

To Felton *in the Tower.*

ENjoy thy bondage, make thy priſon know,
Thou haſt a liberty thou canſt not owe
To ſuch baſe puniſhment; keep't intire, ſince
Nothing but guilt ſhackles they conſcience.

I dare not tempt thy valiant blood to whey
In feebling it with pitty, nor dare pray
Thine act may mercy finde, leſt thy great ſtory
Loſe ſomething of its miracle and glory.
I wiſh thy merit ſtudied cruelty,
Short vengance befreinds thy memory
For I would have poſterity to heare
He that can bravely die can bravely beare.
Torture ſeemes great unto a cowards eye
'Tis no great thing to ſuffer, leſſen dye.
Should all the clowds fall out, & in that ſtrife
Lightning and thunder ſend to take my life,
I ſhould applaud the wiſedome of my fate
That knew to value me at ſuch a rate
As at my fall to trouble all the skie,
Emptying it ſelf upon me Joves full Armory;
Thy ſoul before was ſtraightned, thank thy doome
To ſhow her vertue ſhe hath larger Roome,
Yet ſure if every artery were broke
Thou wouldſt finde ſtrength for ſuch another ſtroke.
And now I leave thee unto death and fame
Which lives to ſhake ambition at thy name,
And (if it were no ſin) the Court by it
Should hourely ſweare before a favorite.
Farwell, for thy beame ſake we ſhall not ſend
Henceforth Commanders that will foes defend
Nor will it ever our juſt Monarch pleaſe
To keep an Admirall to looſe the Seas.

Farwell

Farwell, undaunted stand, and joy to be
Of publique sorrow the Epitome,
Let the Duke's name suffer, and crowne thy
All we in him did suffer; thou for all. (thrall
And I dare boldly write, as thou darst dye,
Stout Felton, Englands ransome, here doth lye.

To the Duke of Buckingham.

THe King loves you, you him; both love (the same,
You love the King, he you, both *Buck-in-game*
Of sport the King loves game, of game the *Buck*
Of all men you, why you? Why see your luck.

To the Same.

SOme say, the Duke was vertuous, gratious, (good,
And *Felton* basely did, to spill his bloud.
If it be so, what did he then amiss,
In sending him the sooner to his bliss?
All deaths seem pleasant to a good-man's Eye
And bad men onely are afraid to dye;
Chang'd he this Kingdome to possess a better,
Then is the *Duke* become *John Felton's* debter.

To

The Lawyer.

LAwyers themſelves up hold the Common weale,
They puniſh ſuch as do offend and ſteale;
They free with ſubtill art the innocent,
From any danger, loſſe, or puniſhment,
They can, but will not, keep the world in awe
By miſ-expounded and diſtorted lawe;
Alwayes they have great ſtore of charity,
And love they want, not keeping amitye.

The Clients Tranſcription of the ſame Copy, having experienced the contrary.

LAwyers themſelves uphold the Common-weale
They puniſh ſuch as do offend and ſteale.
They free with ſubtill art the innocent,
From any danger, loſſe, or puniſhment;
They can, but will not keep, the world in awe
By miſ-expounded and diſtorted lawe
Allwayes they have, great ſtore of charity
And love they want, not keeping amitye.

The reverend Canvaſe.

SO lowd a lye on Sunday rung,
So thicke a troupe, ſo grave a throng,
Aſſembled in a Church, to laugh,
At nothing? pardon heavens; when halfe
Had Gods marke on them? none ſo good
To ſatisfie the hungry croud;
With holſome doctrine; none ſo hardy
With an howers talke to quitt the tardy?
All ſilent brethren, and yet none
Can ſpeake by inſpiration?
Dares none ſo conſcious of his merit,
Or preſuming on the ſperit,
With an edifying greeting
Gratulate this zealous meeting?
Is this a day or place (O ſin!)
For ſuch to have a canvſe in?
Lord! how we ſat like *Queene Candace's*
Eunuch, reading each other faces!
Expecting when ſome *Philips* heire
Would come to aſcend the ſacred chaire.
Whilſt couſning *Mules* the bell ſtill knockt
T' increaſe the number of the mockt?
But in concluſion all the cittie
Was bidden to a *nunc dimitte*,
And yet found no man to ſupply
The office of dumbe *Zacharie*
In our diſmiſſion, till wee tiring
The bell and pullpit both conſpiring,

De-

Deprived of ſound, and veſture told us
The tenor onely preacht that called us;

A non ſequitur, by Dr. Corbett.

MArke how the Lanterns clowd mine eyes
See where a moone drake ginnes to riſe
Saturne craules much like an *Iron Catt*,
To ſee the naked moone in a ſlippſhott hatt,
Thunder thumping toad ſtooles crock the pots
To ſee the Meremaids tumble
Leather catt-a-mountaines ſhake their heeles
To heare the goſh-hawke grumble
The ruſtie threed,
Begins to bleed,
And cobwebs elbows itches
The putrid skyes
Eat mulſacke pies
Backed up in logicke brecches
Munday trenchers make good hay
The Lobſter weares no dagget (ſtarres
Meale-Mouth'd ſhee-peacockes powle the
And make the lowbell ſtagger
Blew Crocodiles foame in the toe
Blind meal-bagges do follow the doe
A ribb of apple braine ſpice
Will follow the Lancaſheire dice
Harke how the chime of *Plutoes* piſpot cracks,
To ſee the rainbowes wheele ganne, made of
flax.

On

On Oxford *Schollers going to* Woodstock *to heare* Dr. Corbet *preach before the King.*

THe King, and the Court
Desirous of sport,
At woodstock six dayes did lye
Thither came the Doctors
With their velvet sleev'd Proctors,
And the rest of the learned frie.
Some faces did shine
More with ale then with wine;
So that each man there was thought
And judged by theire hue
(As it was then true).
They were better fed then taught.
A number beside
With their wenches did ride
(For Schollers you know are kind)
And riding before
Lean back evermore
To kisse their wenches behind.
A number on foot
Without cloak, or boot
And yet to the Court they wou'd
Which was for to show
How farr they wou'd go
To doe his Majesty good,
The reverend Deane
With his ruff, starched clean

Did

Did preach before the King
A Ring there was ſpide
In his band-ſtring tyde
Was not this a pritty thing?
The Ring without doubt
Was the thing put him out:
So oft hee forgot what was next
That all that were there
Did thinke, and dare ſweare,
Hee handled it more then his Text.

Horat. 34. Carm. od 10. *ad. Ligurinm.*

'Tis true (proud boy) thy beauty may preſume
Thank Venus for's but when thy cheekes ſhall plume,
When manly downe ſhall ſhade thy Childiſh pride
And when thy locks (which dangle on each ſide
Of thy white ſhoulders) ſhall no more remain;
When thy vermilion cheeks (which do diſdain,
The glorious colour of the purple roſe)
Begin to fade, and Ligarinas looſe
His lovely face, being rudely ſtuck with haires
(Hard hearted boy) then wilt thou ſay with teares

(When

(When looking for thy faire ſelf in a glaſs
Thou findeſt another there) Ah me! alas!
What do I now perceive? why had not I
Theſe thoughts when I was lovely ſmooth? or
why?
To theſe my thoughts which I now entertaine
Doe not my Cheeks grow ſlik & young again?

To his Miſtris.

I'le tell you whence the roſe did firſt grow
red
And whence the lillie whiteneſſe borrowed
You bluſh't and then the roſe with red was
dight.
The lillie kiſt your hands and ſo came white
Before that time the roſe was but a ſtaine
The lillie nought but paleneſſe did containe
You have the native colour; theſe they die
And onely flouriſh in your livery.

Upon a Cobler.

COme hither, read (my gentle freind)
And here behold a Coblers End,
Long in length his life had gone
But that he had no Laſt ſo long.
O mighty death whoſe darts can kill.
The man that made him ſoules at will.

On the death of the Lord Treasurer.

IMmodest death, that would not once confer
Dispose or part with our Lord Treasurer!
Had he beene thee, or of thy fatall tribe,
He would have spar'd thy life, and tane a bribe,
He that so often had with gold and wit,
Perverted law and allmost conjur'd it.
He that could lengthen causes, and was able
To starve a suitor at the councill-table
At last not having Evidence to show
Was faine (perforce) to take a deadly blow.

The lover's Melancholy.

HEnce, hence, all you vaine delights
As short as are the nights
Wherin you spend your folly!
Ther's nought in this life sweet,
If men were wise to see't
But only melancholly.
Wellcome folded armes, and fixed eyes,
A sight that pearcing mortifies,
A look that's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound,
Fountaines-heades and pathlesse groves
Places which pale passion loves.
Moone-light walkes when all the fowles
Are warmely houst'd, save Bats and owls;

A midnight knell, a parting groane,
Theſe are the ſounds wee feed upon;
Then ſtretch our bones in a ſtill gloomy valley
Ther's nothing truly ſweet, but melancholly;

The anſwer, by Dr. Stroud.

REturne my joyes and hither bring
A trounce not made to ſpeake, but ſing;
A jolly ſpleene, an inward feaſt,
A cauſeleſſe laugh without a jeſt;
A face which gladneſſe doth annoint,
An arme for joy flung out of joynt;
A ſpritefull gate that leaves no print,
And make a feather of a flint:
A heart that's lighter then the ayre
An eye ſtill dancing in its ſphere,
Strong which mirth nothing ſhall controul
A body nimbler then a ſoul:
Free wandring thoughts not tied to muſe
Which thinking all things, nothing chuſe;
Which ere wee ſee them come, are gone,
Theſe, life it ſelfe doth feed upon.
Then take no care but only to be jolly,
To be more wretched then we muſt, is folly.

A Bluſh.

STay haſty blood! where canſt thou ſeek
So bleſt a place as in her cheek?
How can'ſt thou from the place retire
VVhere beauty doth command deſire?
But if thou canſt not ſtay, then ſhow;
Downe to her painting papps below
Flow like a deluge from her breaſt
VVhere *Venus* Swannes have built their neſt,
And ſo take glory to diſteine
The azure of each ſwelling vaine;
Thence run thou boyling through each part
Till thou haſt warm'd her frozen heart;
But if from love ſhe would retire
Then martyr her with gentle fire
And having ſearch't each ſecret place
Fly back againe into her face;
VVhere bleſſed live in changing thoſe
VVhite lillyes to a Ruddy roſe:

To his Miſtris.

LAſt when I ſaw thee, thou didſt ſweetly play
The gentle theife, and ſtolſt my heart away,
Render't again or elſe give me thine owne
In change, for two for thee (when I have none)
Too many are, elſe I muſt ſay, Thou art
A ſweet faced creature with a double heart.

On Chriſt-church windowe, and Magdalen Colledge wall.

YEe men of *Galilee* why gaze yee ſo
On *Mandlins* neceſſary print, as though
T'had bin enough for that pure virgin's ſonne
That was incarnate, dyed, & roſe, to have done
Thoſe heavenly acts, that ranſom'd al from hell
And yet no viſible effigies tell
The eye, the manner how. Ye miſconceive
VVho think theſe ſacred myſteryes muſt leave
Impreſſion onely in the ſoul; how then
Shall thoſe that bear more ſhape than mind of men,
(Unleſſe their outward ſenſe informe them) know
VVhat accidents their Saviour long ago
Suſtain'd? each wiſe man ſees 'tis not the fate
Of every ideot to be literate.
And who can then forbid (ye Lay) to look
And read thoſe things without or line or book.
Beſides (if modeſtye may judge) what iſt
But a ſupply to each Evangeliſt?
Long may the learned ſtudy, peace and ſcratch
Before the forme of th' mainger, or the cratch
Wherein Babe Chriſt was layd be underſtood.
Each bungling joyner now may ken what wood
The ſtall was made of where the long eared ſteed
And

And his aſſociate One did ſtand and feed.
Each practiſ'd oaſtler knowes their meat, can ſay
There is their provender, this is their hay.
Yee now may learne the naked ſhepherds hew
The ſtripling boy, and him it'h cap of blew,
As perfectly as it had ſeene the clownes
Each day a ſunning on the jewiſh downes;
'Tis ſtrange the dogg's not there, perhapps the Curr
VVas left behind, for feare of noiſe or ſtirre:
But veiw the venerable face whereon
The horne and candle caſt reflection,
Obſerve it well if ere you chance to meet
In paradiſe, you'le know't as ſoon as ſee't,
Tis reverent *Joſephs* portraiture, ſee how
The very image ſeemes to cringe and bow,
Marke well his beard, his eyes, his noſe, if ought
Be miſt, tis yours, and not the painters fault:
Then lead your eyes unto the beauteous one
Who nere knew man, yet mother to a ſonne.
Doth not her face more fully ſpeake her heart
And joy, than text or comment can impart?
But oh how little like her ſelfe when ſhee
VVhoſe upcaſt, downe caſt lookes, behold the tree?
That fatall tree whereon the Lord of breath
Expos'd himſelfe to th'tyranny of death;
VVas ever ſorow ſo ſet forth? and yet
To make the quire of heavineſſe compleat,

The

The lov'd disciple bears his part, and so
Doth that brave lasse that clips the Crosse below.
Consult allauthors, English Greek & Lattin,
You nere saw truer greife or finer sattin.
Foule fall the bird whose undiscerning mute
Presumes to turpifye so rich a suite;
T'was very strange they durst so boldly greeve
When those untutor'd hacksters of the Shreeve,
Close by sat armed Cap-a-pee with speares,
And swords, and glittering helmets, or'e their eares
Bestriding fiery steeds so markt so made
Bucephalus himselfe was but a jade
Compar'd to these, why? who would be but vext
To see such paltryes here, and none it'h text?
Next let your eyes and thoughts be fixt upon
The sad-sad story of the passion;
See how from side, from feet, from hands as yet
The crimson blood trills down, you'l sweare 'twere wet;
Were *Thomas* here himselfe, he would not linger
But sooner trust his eyes then erst his finger.
Mark how death's sable cloud doth over-spread
His lips, his cheeks, his eyes, his sacred head.
Behold death drawn to th'life, as if that hee
Thus wrackt and stretch't upon th'accursed tree,

Had

Had been of purpose nayld to th' crosse to try
The Painters cunning hand, more than to dye.
He left him dead, but twas not in the power
Of grave, or hell to keep him, there one houre
Beyond his own determination.
Three dayes are past, and *Jonah's* type is done
He walkes, and in full glory leaps from tombe:
As *Lazarus* from th' earths insatiate wombe,
But not to dye againe: meane while the guard
Who vigilantly slept, soon as they heard
Deaths prisoner, and their's so strangely rise
Start up with frighted hearts and gastly eyes.
They stare and muse, and sweare, the heardsmen talke
Strange things, but nere till now saw dead men walke:
Do but take notice how the rascalls look
As if some prodigie had thunderstrook
The villaines hearts, or some strange power had shown
Medusae's head, and turnd them all to stone.
Sure small perswasion would have made the Elves
For feare of further paines to hang themselves:
And blame them not, the Lord was now calcin'd
Bright as the Sun, his body so refin'd
That not the sawcinesse of mortall eye
Could stare upon such lustre and not dye.
His glorifi'd humanity can stay

No more on earth, heaven calls, he muſt away;
Yet ere he part hee'le take his leave, th'eleven,
Attend, and ſee him raviſht into heaven.
Their eyes (untill an interpoſing cloud
Did interdict acceſſe of ſight, and ſhrowd
His godlike countenance from mortall ken)
Still waite upon th'aſcending Lord; but when
Diſtance had ſnatcht him from their view, they lift (ſhift
Their hands to th' skie, as if they made ſome
To draw him down againe, ſuch was their love
Theile ſcarſe aſſent to his aſcent above.
Where once more, note, the text ſupplyed which tells
Th'Apoſtles were ſpectators and none elſe
But count byth' pole you'l find th' eleven increaſt
Their troops amount to five or ſixe at leaſt.
Were *Luke* alive, hee'd thank the painters wit,
Who ſaw his overſight and mended it.
Let's yeeld to reaſon then, let him that liſts
Diſpute the number of th' Evangeliſts;
If Judgement ever pleaſe this thing to liſt
Or *Greenbury* or none muſt be the liſt.
I 've done, but firſt Ile pray, hayle holy cloth
And live in ſpight of rottenneſſe or moth.
Nor time nor vermine ere ſhall dare to be
Corruptors of ſo much Divinitie;
But men of *Galilee* why do ye gaze,
On that which may delight, but not amaze?

That's

That's left for us ; let any wise man bend
His eyes towards our orientall end (all
Hee'se blesse himselfe indeed, grow wise; with-
Approaching take the window for a wall
And then conclude that *Wadehams* perspective
Nor *Lincolnes* stately types can long survive ;
They'le break for envie (spight of wise) to find
Us to transcend themselves so farre behind ;
But Ile not prayse our own, 'tis far more fit
To leave the talke to some fine Maud'lin wit,
Who may enroale in some well languish t staine
As we their walls, so they our lights againe
Only I feare they will, (least we surpasse)
Pull down their hall to build up Eastern glass.

An Elegie.

WHy faire vow-breaker, have thy sinnes thought fit
That I be curst example of thy wit
As well as scornes? (bad womn) have not I
Deserv'd as much as quiet misery?
Be wise and trouble not my suffering fit
For every sin I have repentance yet,
Except for loving thee ; do not thou presse
My easie madnesse to a wickednesse
As high as that, least I be driven so
As far from heaven as thou art, which I know

Is

Is not thy ayme, for thou hast sin'd to be
In place, as in affection, farre from me.
Am I thy freind or kinsman? have I ought
That is familiar with thee bettring thought
A dreame and some few letters too, yet lye
Neglected records of my injury.
I know no itch my silent sorrowes moves:
To begg a bridall kisse or paire of gloves
These are the lighter duryes which they seek
Whose sleepe is sound & constant as the week
Is in her nights, who never met the chaunce
Of love amisse, but in a dreameing traunce
And wak't to gladnesse; t'is not so with me
My night and day are twins in misery.
These spend-thrift eyes have beene prepar'd
with feares
To keep a solemne revelling in teares;
Hadst thou beene silent I had known the shame
Of that dayes union by my greife, not fame,
Priva'te as sorrowes lodging had I dwelt
Follow'd with my dispaire and never felt
Anger except for livinge hadst thou bin
Content with my undoinge 'Tis a sinn
My love cannot forgive there to upbraid
Awretchednesse which thou thy selfe hast made.
Heaven knowes I sufferd, and I sufferd so
That by me twas as infallible to know
How passive man is, fate knew not a curse
Except thy new contempt to make mee worse
And that thou gav'st when I so low was brought
I

I knew not if I liv'd but yet I thought,
And counted sighs and teares, as if to scape
The aire and water would make up a man,
Hadst thou not broake the peace of my decay,
Ere this I thinke I'de wept some sinns away,
Being diseas'd, diseas'd past mine owne cure
Thou wouldst needs kill which made mee to indure
My patience: why (Ioyes murdresse) wouldst thou prove
VVhether that bee as passive as my love?
Had woman such a way as sheec can save
To man denyall, as of love to live?
VVhy then th'abhored reason meers me, why
Succesfull lovers doe so quickly dye,
So be it with mee, but if any curse
First can be fastned on thee which is worse
Then thy unwept for vow-breach may it come
As my greife heavye; may the tedious summe
Of thy great sinns stand sentinell to keep
Repentance from thy thoughts reach. May thy
Sleep Be broken as my hopes, above all may hee
Thou chooseſt husband ripe to jealousye,
And find it true, to tell thee; may the dreames
On which thy sleepe doth paraphrase in dreames
Bee my sad wrongs: and when some other shall
(VVhom chance hath made with mee a apocryphall)
In loveing storyes) search an instance forth
To curse his *Mistris* for her little worth,

May

May thy name meet him, under whom must be
The Common place of womans perjury.
May heaven make all this: and if thou pray
May heaven esteeme as that thou didst that day
Of thy last promises, I've said, be free
This pennance done, then my dayes destinye
By thee is antedated. But three sighs
Must first pay my admission to the skyes.
One for my madnesse, loving woman so
That I could think her true; the next ile throw
For wounded lovers, that i'le breath a new;
The third shall pray my curses may prove true.

In imitation of Sir Philip Sydnie's Encomium of Mopsa.

ASsist mee Love, and Lov's, great Queen of *Paphos*
Inspire my muse with straines more rich then *Sapho's*
Approach you *Heliconian* lasses, even
Chaste *Erato*, *Thalie* and th' other seaven.
Direct my quill whilst I her praises caroll out
Whose paralle's not found in all the world about
In lovelinesse sh' excells (and 'tis no wonder)
Those brave *Cicilian*, forgers of Joves thunder,
For chastity Im'e sure her equall none is
Not *Venus* selfe that lov'd the faire *Adonis*.

Medea's

Medea's not more mild, who as the talk is
Made *Jaſon* ſteale the golden fleece from *Cholchos*.
For modeſt ſilence, I dare ſay, ſhee'l fit ye
Wherein ſhee's not an ace behind *Zantippe*,
But Oh! the comely graces of her feature
Great *Plutoes* Court affords not ſuch a creature,
Her golden treſſes far ſurpaſſe *Megara's*
In compaſſing her lofty forehead, whereas
No frown nor wrinckle ere appeares to fright ye
But ſtill more calme than ſmooth fac'd *Amphirite*.
Beneath thoſe vaulted cells are fixt thoſe torches
From whence proceeds that flame ſo fiercely ſiorches.
Between both which her precious noſe is placed,
With faireſt pearles and rubies rich encaſed.
Next comes her heavenly mouth whoſe ſweet compoſure
Falls not within expreſſions, limmits, no ſure.
This even unto her precious eares doth guide us,
Which makes her full as faire as great King *Mydas*.
She's ſmooth as *Pan*, her skin (which you'le admire) is
Like pureſt gold, more glorious far then *Iris*,

And

And to close up this Magazin of pleasures
She most exactly treads god-*Vulcans* measures
This is my Mistris Character, and if in
These lines her name you misse; 'tis faire *Besse Griffin*.

A Scholler that sold his Cushion.

TOm I commend thy care of all I know,
That couldst this Cushion for a pipe of To——
Now art thou like though not to studdy more
Yet ten times harder then thou didst before.

On the death of Cut. Cobler.

DEath and an honest Cobler fell at bate
And finding him worne out, would needs translate;
He was a trusty fo'le, and time had bin
He would well liquord go through thick and thin.
Death put a trick upon him, and what was't?
The Cobler call'd for All, death brought his last;
'Twas not uprightly done to cut his thread,
That mended more and more till he was dead:

But

But since hee's gone, 'tis all that can be said,
Honest *Gut-Cabter* here is underlayd.

A Letter to Ben. Johnson.

DIe *Johnson*, crosse not our Religion so
As to be thought immortall; let us know
Thou art no God; thy works make us mistake
Thy person, and thy great creations make
Us Idoll thee, and cause we see thee do
Eternall things, think thee eternall too,
Restore us to our faith and dye, thy doome
Will do as much good as the fall of Rome:
'Twill crush an heresie, we ne're must hope
For truth till thou be gon, thou and the Pope.
And though we may be certaine in thy fall
To lose both wit and judgement, braines and all,
Thou Sack, nor Love, nor Time recover us
Better be fooles then superstitious.
Dye! to what end should we thee now adore
There is not Schollership to live to more,
Our language is refin'd: professors doubt
Their Greek and Hebrew both shall be put out
And we that Latin studied have so long
Shall now dispute & write in *Johnsons* tongue,
Nay, courtiers yeeld, & every beautious wench
Had rather speak thy English then her French.

But

But for thy matter fancy ſtands agaſt
Wondering to ſee her ſtrength thus beſt at laſt.
Invention ſtops her courſe and bids the world
Look for no more; ſhe hath already hurld
Her treaſure all on one, thou haſt out-done
So much our wit and expectation,
That were it not for thee, we ſcarſe had known
Nature her ſelfe could ere ſo farre have gon.
Dye! ſeemes it not enough thy verſe's date
Is endleſſe; but thine own prolonged fate
Muſt equall it; for ſhame engroſs not age
But now (the fifth act ended) leave the ſtage.
And let us clap, we know the Stars that do
Give others one life, give a laureat two.
But thou, if thus thy body long ſurvives,
Haſt two eternities, and not two lives.
Die for thine own ſake, ſeeſt thou not thy praiſe
Is ſhortned onely by this length of daies.
Men may talk this, and that, to part the ſtrife,
My tenet is, thou haſt no fault but life.
Old Authors do ſpeed beſt, me-thinks thy warm breath
Caſts a thick miſt betwixt thy worth, which death
Would quickly diſſipate. If thou wouldſt have
Thy Bayes to flouriſh, plant them on thy grave.
Gold now is droſſe, and Oracles are ſtuffe

With

With us, for why? Thou art not low enough.
We ſtill look under thee. Stoop, and ſubmit
Thy glory to the meaneſt of our wit.
The *Rhodian Coloſſus*, ere it fell,
Could not be ſcan'd and meaſured, half ſo
well.
Lie levell to our view, ſo ſhall we ſee,
Our third and richeſt Univerſity.
Art's length, Art's heighth, Art's depth, can
ne're be found,
Till thou art proſtrate, ſtretch'd upon the
ground.
Learning no farther then thy life extends,
With thee began all Arts, with thee it ends.

On a young Lady, and her Knight.

A Vertuous Lady ſitting in a muſe,
(As fair and vertuous, Ladies often uſe,)
With elbow leant upon one knee ſo hard,
The other diſtant from it half a yard.
Her Knight, to quip her by a ſecret token,
Said, Wife, ariſe, your Cabinet ſtands open.
She riſing, bluſh'd, and ſmilingly did ſay,
Lock it then, if you pleaſe, you keep the key.

On a Welch-man's devotion.

THe way to make a Welch-man thirst for bliss,
And daily say his prayers on his knees,
Is, to perswade him, that most certain 'tis,
The Moon is made of nothing but green cheese:
Then he'l desire nought else, nor greater boon,
Then plac'd in heaven, to feed upon the Moon.

On a Maid's Legge.

FAir *Betty* us'd to tuck her coats up high,
That men her foot and leg might soon espy.
Thou hast a pretty legg, (saith one) fair Duck.
Yea, two, (saith she), or else I have ill luck.
They're two indeed, they're twins, I think, quoth he,
They are, and yet they are not, sir, said she;
They're birth was both at once, I dare be sworn
And yet between them both a man was born.

To his Siſter.

LOving ſiſter, every line
Of your laſt Letter, was ſo fine,
With the beſt mettall, that the grain,
Of Scriveners pin-duſt had been vain.
The touch of gold did ſure inſtill
Some vertue, more than did your quill,
And ſince you write no cleanly hand,
Your tokens make me underſtand.
Mine eyes have here a remedy,
Whereby to read more eaſily.
I do but jeſt; Your love alone,
Is my interpretation.
My words I will recall, and ſwear,
I know your hand is wondrous fair.

On the death of Hobſon, *the* Cambridge-*Carrier.*

HEre *Hobſon* lies, amongſt his many betters,
A man not learned, yet of many Letters;
The Schollers well can juſtifie as much,
Who have receiv'd them from his pregnant pouch.

His carriage is well known, oft hath he gone
An Embaſſie, 'twixt father and the ſon.
In *Cambridge* few (in good time be it ſpoken)
But will remember him by ſome good token.
From thence to *London* rode he day by day,
Till death benighting him, he loſt his way.
Nor wonder is it, that he thus is gone,
Since moſt men know, he long was drawing on.
His Team was of the beſt, nor could he have
Them mir'd in any ground, but in the grave;
And there he ſticks indeed, ſtill like to ſtand,
Untill ſome Angell lend his helping hand.
So reſts in peace the ever toiling Swain,
And ſupream Waggoner, next *Charls his wain.*

Another on the ſame.

HEre lieth one, who did moſt truely prove,
That he could never die, whilſt he could move.
So hung his deſtiny, never to rot,
Whilſt he could but jogg on, and keep his trot.
Made of Sphear mettall, never to decay,
Untill his reſolution made of ſtay.
Time numbers motion, yet without a crime,
'Gainſt old truth, motion numbered out his time.

And

And like ſome Engine mov'd, with wheeles and weight,
His principles once ceas'd, he ended ſtreight.
Reſt, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath.
For had his doings laſted as they were
He had been an immortall Carrier.

Another.

HEre lies old *Hobſon!* Death hath his deſire,
And here (alaſſe) hath left him in the mire;
Or elſe the waies being foul, twenty to one,
He's here ſtuck in a ſlough, and overthrown.
'Twas ſuch a ſhifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad that he had got him down.
For he hath any time this ten years full,
Dog'dd him 'twixt *Cambridge* and the *London-Bull*.
And ſurely death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly courſe of carriage fail'd.
But lately finding him ſo long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come;
And that he had tane up his lateſt Inne,
Death in the likeneſſe of a Chamberlin,

Shew'd him his room, where he muſt lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light.
If any ask for him, it ſhall be ſed,
Hobſon has ſupt, and newly gon to bed.

Fr. Clark, *Porter of St.* Johns, *To the Preſident.*

HElp *Silvanus*, help god *Pan*,
To ſhew my love to this kinde man,
Who out of's love and nature good,
Hath well encreas'd my ſtore of wood.
And whileſt he the ſame peruſes,
Wood-Nymphs help inſtead of Muſes.
Oh thou that ſitſt at St. *Johns* helm,
I humbly thank thee for my Elme;
Or if it chance an Oak to prove,
With heart of Oak I thank your love.
This Tree (to leave all *Ovid*'s fables)
Shall be the Tree of Predicables.
Or if you like not that opinion,
The kindred Tree of great *Juſtinian*.
Thus finer Wits may run upon't,
But I do mean to make fire on't:
By which I'le ſit and ſing, in ſpight of wealth,
And drink in Lambs-wool to your Worſhip's health.

An

An Epitaph.

HEre underneath this ſtone, doth lie,
That worthy Knight, brave Sir *John Dric*;
At whoſe funerall there was no weeping,
He dy'd before *Chriſtmas*, to ſave houſe-keeping.

A wife.

A Luſty young Wife, that of late was ſped,
With all the pleaſures of a marriage-bed,
Oft a grave Doctor ask'd, whether's more right
For *Venus* ſports, the morning or the night.
The good old man reply'd, as he thought meet,
The morn's more wholſom, but the night more ſweet.
Nay then (ſaid ſhe) ſince we have time and leaſure,
We'l to't each morn for health, each night for pleaſure.

The conſtant man.

HE that with frownes is not dejected,
Nor with ſoothing ſmiles erected;

Nor at the baits of pleaſure biteth,
He whom no thoughts nor croſſe affrighteth
But, center to himſelf, controleth,
Change and fortune when ſhe rouleth.
Who when the ſilent night begins,
Makes even reckoning with his ſinns:
Who not deferreth till to morrow,
To wipe out his black ſcores of ſorrow.
Who ſets hell-pains at ſix and ſeven,
And feareth not the fall of heaven.
But's full reſolv'd without denyall,
To yield his life to any tryall;
Making his death his meditation,
And longing for his tranſmigration.
This is the conſtant man, who never
From himſelf, nor God doth ſever.

To his Miſtris.

COme let's hug and kiſſe each other,
Sacrificing to Love's mother:
Theſe are duties which ſhe loves,
More then thouſand milky Doves
Freſh bleeding on her altars. We
Will not uſe our piety
In ſuch ſlaughters, Cruelty
Is no devotion, nor can I
Believe, that ſhe can pleaſure take
In blood, unleſſe for *Mars* his ſake.

No

No: Let us to *Cythera*'s Queen,
Burn for sacrifice our green,
And tender youth, with those divine
Flames, which thine eyes begot of mine.
And lest the while our zeal catch cold,
In warm embraces we'l enfold
Each other, to produce a heat.
Thus pleasing her, we pleasure get.
Then let's kisse and hugg each other,
Sacrificing to Lov's mother.

Swearing.

IN elder times, an antient custom was,
In weighty matters to swear by the Masse.
And when the Mass was down, as all men note,
Then swore they by the crosse of the grey Groat.
And when the crosse was likewise held in scorn,
Then faith and troth was all the oath was sworn.
But when they had out-worn both faith and troth,
Then, Dam my soul, became a common oath.
So custom kept decorum in gradation:
Mass, cross, faith, troth out-sworn, then came damnation.

On a good Legg and Foot.

IF *Hercules* tall ſtature might be gueſs'd
But by his thumb, the Index of the reſt,
In due proportion, the beſt rule that I
Would chuſe, to meaſure *Venus* beauty by,
Should be her leg and foot: Why gaze we ſo
On th'upper parts, as proud to look below,
(In chuſing Wives) when 'tis too often known,
The colours of their face are not their own.
As for their legs, whether they mince or ſtride,
Thoſe native compaſſes are ſeldom wide
Of telling truth. The round and ſlender foot,
Is a prov'd token of a ſecret note,
Of hidden parts, and well this way may lead,
Unto the cloſet of a mayden-head.
Here emblems of our youth, we Roſes tie;
And here the Garter, love's dear myſtery.
For want of beauty here, the Peacock's pride,
Let's fall her train, and fearing to beſpy'd,
Shuts up her painted witneſſes, to let
Thoſe eyes from view, which are but counterfeit.
Who looks not if this part be good or evill,
May meet with cloven feet, and match the devill.
For this did make the difference between

The

The more unhallowed creatures, and the clean.
Well may you judge her other parts are light,
Her thoughts are wry that doth not tread a-right.
But then ther's true perfection, when we ſee,
Thoſe parts more abſolute which hidden be.
Nature ne're lent a fair foundation,
For an unworthy frame to reſt thereon.
Let others view the top, and limbs through-out,
The deeper knowledge is to know the root.
In viewing of the face, the weakeſt know
What beauty is, the learned look more low:
And in the feet the other parts deſcry,
As in a pool the Moon we uſe to ſpy.
Pardon, ſweet-heart, the pride of my deſire,
If but to kiſſe your toe it ſhould aſpire.

Upon the view of his Miſtreſſe face in a Glaſſe.

AHcruel Glaſſe! didſt thou not ſee',
Chloris alone too hard for me?
Perceiv'dſt thou not her charming ſight,
Did raviſh mine in cruell fight?
But then another ſhe muſt frame,
Whoſe ſingle forces well might tame

A lovers heart; no humane one,
Is proof against her force alone.
Yet did I venture, though struck mute,
The beauteous vision to salute.
But that like aire in figur'd charms,
Deceiv'd the ambush of my arms.
'Twas some wise Angel her shape took,
That so he might more heavenly look.
I her old captive, now do yield
Her shaddowed self another field:
By such odds overcome, to die,
Is no dishonoured victory.

On Bond *the Usurer.*

HEre lyes a Bond under this tombe,
Seald and deliver'd to, god knows whom.

To the Duke of Buckingham.

WHen I can pay my Parents, or my King'
For life, or peace, or any dearer thing,
Then, dearest Lord, expect my debt to you
Shall be as truly paid, as it is due.
But as no other price or recompence
Serves them, but love, and my obedience.
So nothing payes my Lord, but whats above
The reach of hands, his vertue, and my love.

For

For when as goodneſſ doth ſo overflowe,
The conſcience binds not to reſtore but owe,
Requitall were preſumption, and you may,
Call mee ungratefull, when I ſtrive to pay.
Nor with this morall leſſon do I ſhift
Like one that meant to ſave a better guift.
Like very poor or conterfeit poor men,
Who to preſerve their Turky or their hen
Do offer up themſelves. No, I have ſent
(A kind of guift, will laſt by being ſpent)
Thanks-ſtarling, farr above the bullion rate
Of horſes, hangings, jewells, coyne, or plate.
Oh you that ſhould in chooſing of your owne,
Know a true Diamond from a Briſtow ſtone,
You that do know they are not allwayes beſt
In their intent, that lowdeſt do porteſt
But that a prayer from the Convocation,
Is better than the Commons proteſtation,
Truſt them that at your feet their lives will lay
And know no arts but to performe and pray
Whilſt they that buy perfermenr without praying
Begin with bribes, and finiſh with betraying.

The Gentlemans verſes before he Killed himſelfe.

HAſt Night unto thy Center, are thy winges
Rul'd by the courſe of dull clockt plummetings? If

If so, mount on my thoughts, & wee'le exceed
All time that's past 'gainst midnight with our speed
The day more favourable hasted on
And by its death sent mee instruction
To make thy darkenesse tombe my life, let then
Thy wonted houres seize on the eyes of men
Make them imagine by their sleepe, what I
Must truly act, let each starr veyle his Eye
With masques of mourninge clowdes: methinkes the owles
Prodigious summons strike me, and the houles
My Epicedium, with whose tragick quill
Ile pencill in this map my hapless ill.
Caus'd first by her, whose fowle apostacy
In love for ever brand her; and when I
Am dead, deare paper (my minds heire) convey
This epitaph unto her veiwe, and pray
Her to inscribe it on my tombe.

Here lyes
One murthered by a womans perjuryes
Who from the time, she scorn'd him, scorn'd to live
No rivall shall him of his death deprive.

A Song in commendation of Muſicke.

WHen whiſpering ſtraines doe ſoftly ſteale
With creeping paſſion through the heart
And when at every touch wee feel
Our pulſes beat and beare a part.
When threads can make
A hart ſtring quake
Philoſophy
Can ſcarce denye
The ſoule conſiſts of harmony.

When unto heavenly joyes we feigne
What ere the ſoul affecteth moſt
Which only thus we can explaine
By muſick of the winged hoſt.
Whoſe layes weee thinke
Make ſtarrs to winke
Philoſophy
Cannot deny
Our ſoule conſiſts of harmony.

O lull mee, lull mee, charminge ayr
My ſenſes rocks with wonder ſweet
Like ſnow on wooll, thy fallings are
Soft, like a ſpirit, are thy feet.
Greife who need feare
That hath an eare
Downe let him lye

And

And ſlumbring dye
And change his ſoule for harmony.

A Dialogue betwixt Cupid and a Country-Swaine.

AS *Cupid* tooke his bow and bolt
Some birding-ſport to find;
He lighte upon a ſhepheards ſwaine
That was ſome good mans hinde.

Swa. Well met faire Boy, what ſport abroad
It is a goodly day:
The birds will ſitt this froſty morne
You cannot chooſe but ſlay.
Gods-ouches look, your eyes are out
You will not bird I trow:
Alas goe home or elſe I thinke
The birds will laugh at you.
Cup. Why man thou doſt deceave thy ſelfe
Or elſe my mother lyes
Who ſayd that though that I were blind
My arrowes yet had eyes.
Swa. Why then thy mother is a voole
And thou art but an elfe,
To let thy arrowes to have eyes
And goe with out thy ſelfe,
Cup. Not, ſo Sir Swaine, but hold thy prate,
If I do take a ſhaft
Ile

Ile make thee know what I can do
(At this the young Swain laught:)
Then angry Cupid drew his bow
Swa. For Gods ſake kill mee not.
Cup. Ile make thy lither liver ake
Swa. Nay Ide be loth of that.
The ſinging arrow hit the marke
And pierc'd his ſilly ſoule
You might ſee by his hollow eyes
Where love had made a hole.
And ſo the Swain went bleeding home,
To ſtay it was no boot:
And found that he could ſee to hit,
That could not ſee to ſhoot.

Sighs.

O Tell mee, tell, thou god of winde
In all thy cavernes canſt thou find
A vapor, flame, a gale or blaſt
Like to a ſigh which love doth caſt?
Can any whirtle-wind in thy vault
Plough up Earths breath with like aſſault.
Goe Wind and blow then where thou pleaſt
Tea breathleſſe leave mee to my eaſe.

If thou bee'ſt wind, O then refrain
From wracking me whilſt I complain;

If thou bee'st wind, then leight thou art
And yet how heavy is my heart?
If thou bee'st wind, then purge thy way
Let care, that cloggs thy force, obey,
Goe wind and blowe, &c.

These blasts of sighing raised are
By th'influence of my bright starre;
The *Æolus* from whence they came
Is love that stirres to blow the same;
The angry Sway of whose behest
Makes hearth and bellowes of one brest.
Go wind and blowe, &c.

Know t'is a wind that longs to blow
Upon my Saint where ere she goe,
And stealing through her fanne it beares
Soft errands to her lipps and eares,
And then perhaps a passage makes
Downe to the heart when breath she takes.
Goe wind and blow, &c.

Yea gentle gale, try it againe,
Oh do not passe from me in vaine;
Go mingle with her soul divine
Engendring spirits like to mine:
Yea take my soul along with thee
To work a stronger Sympathy.
Goe wind and blow, &c.

My ſoul before the groſſer part
Thus to her heaven ſhould depart,
And when my body cannot flie
On wings of wind, ſhe ſoone ſhall flye;
Though not one ſoul our bodies joyne,
Our bodies ſhall our ſoules combine.
... Goe wind and blow thou where thou pleaſe,
Yea breathleſſe leave me to my eaſe.

Weomen.

WEomen are borne in *Wilſhire*,
Brought up in *Cumberland*.
Lead their lives in *Bedfordſhire*
Bring their husbands to *Buckingame*
And dye in *Shrewſbury*.

On a diſſembler.

COuld any ſhow where *Pluto* people dwell
Whoſe head ſtand in their breſts, who cannot tell;
A ſmoothinge lye, becauſe their open heart
And lipps are joyned ſo neere. I would depart
As quicke as thought, and there forget the wrongs
Which I have ſufferd by deceitfull tongues.
I would depart, where ſoules departed bee.

Which being freed from clowdy fleſh, can ſee
Each other ſo immediately, ſo cleare,
That none need tongues to ſpeak nor eares to
heare:
Were tongues intended to expreſſe the ſoul
And can wee better do with none at all?
Where words firſt made our meanings to re-
veale?
And as they us'd our meaning to conceale;
The ayre by which we breathe, will that turne
fogg?
Or breath turne miſt; will that become a Clogg
Which ſhould unload the mind? fall wee upon
Another Babells Sub-confuſion?
And in the ſelfe ſame language muſt wee find;
A diverſe faction of the wordes and mind?
Dull as I am, that hug ſuch empty aire,
And never markt the deeds, (a phraſe more faire
More truſty and univocall) joyne well,
Three or foure actions wee may quickly ſpell
A hollow heart; if theſe no light will lend,
Read the whole ſentence and obſerve the end.
I will not waite ſo long: the guilty man
(On whom I ground my ſpeech) no longer can
Delude my ſenſe, nor can the graceſull art
Of kind diſſembling, button up his heart.
His well-ſpoke wrongs, are ſuch as hurtful
words
Writ in a comely hand, or bloody ſwords,
Sheathd up in velvet, if he draw on mee
My armour proof is incredulity.

To a Freind.

LIke as the hand which hath bin uſd to play
One leſſon long, ſtill runs the uſuall way:
And waites not what the hearers bid it ſtrike,
But doth preſume by cuſtome this will like.
So run my thoughts which are ſo perfect grown,
So well acquainted with my paſſion;
That now they do prevent mee with their haſte
And ere I think to ſigh, my ſigh is paſt;
Is paſt and flown to you, for you alone
Are all the object that I think upon;
And did not you ſupply my ſoul with thought
For want of action it to none were brought.
What though our abſent armes may not enfold
Reall embraces; yet wee firmly hold
Each other in poſſeſſion; thus wee ſee
The Lord enjoyes his Lands where e're he be.
If Knights poſſeſt no more then where they ſate
What were they greater then a meaner ſtate?
This makes mee firmly yours, you firmly myne
That ſomething more than bodies us combine.

A Poeticall Poem, by Mr. Stephen Locker *to* Miſtriſſe *Beſs Sarney.*

TO my *Beſs Sarney*, quinteſſence of beauty,
I *Steven Locker* do preſent my duty.

In rythem daigne goddeſs to accept my verſes,
I wis with worſe wiſe men have wip't their
A——
O thou which able art to take to taske all
(Pox I what will rythme to that?) oh, I'me a
raskall;
But I'me turnd poet late, and for thy credit,
Have pend this poem, prethee tak't and read it.
Thou needs not be aſham'd of't, for it raiſes
Trophyes as high as maypoles to thy prayſes.
But firſt in order it thy head doth handle
That's more orbicular than a quadrangle.
On top of which doth grow a Turft of treſſes
Winter her ſelfe, rayd in her hoary dreſſes
Of froſt, lookes not more lovely; thy browes
truly
Have larger furrowes, than a feild ploughed
newly.
Thy eyes, ha eyes (Zounds I'am ſo full of ſlinches)
Are not ſunck in thy head above ſixe inches;
From which diſtraining gently, there doth
ſtreame
Rivers of whey, mixed with curdled creame.
Straight as a Rams horne is thy noſe, more
marrow
Lyes in thy noſtrills, than would fill a barrow.
And at your lip to mak't more ornamentall,
Hangs down a jewell of S-- Orientall.
The bright gold & thy face are of one colour,
But

But if compar'd with thine, that is the duller.
Thy lips are white as tallow, never man did
Buss sweeter things, (sure they are sugar-candid.)
Thy teeth more comely than two dirty takes are,
Thy breath is stronger than a douzen jakes are.
A fart for all perfumes, a turd for roses
Smell men but thee, they wish them selves all noses.
Thy voyce as sweet, as musicall, as fine is,
As any phlegmy Hagg's, that ninty nine is.
And when thou speakst, (as if th'had bin the wonder
Of women kind) thy tongu's as still as thunder
But oh thy shoulders large; 'tis six to seven,
Should *Atla's* faile, but thou wouldst beare up heaven.
Thou dost excell, I warrant thee for a button,
Hercules and *Cacus* too, that stole mutton.
About the wast, there thou art three times fuller,
Then was the *Wadham Gargantuan Buller*.
Thy buttock and thy fashion are so all one,
That I'de a swore thou hadst a Fardingall on
Thy leggs are Badger like, and goe as even,
As do Iambick verses or *I Steven*,
And now I'm come unto thy feet, where I do
Prostrate my selfe, with reverence to thy shoo,

Which for antiquity ne're a jot behind is.
Tom Coriats, that travell'd both the Indies.
For thy sweet sake, I will go down to *Pluto*,
And in thy quarrel beat him black & blew too;
And left Sr *Cerberus* should be too lusty,
I have a loafe will hold him play, 'tis crusty.
I'le bring the Dev'll back with me in a snaffle,
For in that kind I scorne to take a baffle.
And so I take my leave; prithee sweet Thumkin,
Hold up thy coats, that I may kisse thy bumkin.

Thanks for a welcome.

FOr your good looks, and for your Claret
For often bidding, Do not spare it;
For tossing glasses to the top,
And after sucking of a drop,
When scarce a drop was left behind,
Or what doth nickname wine e'vn wind:
For healthfull mirth and lusty Sherry,
Such as made grave old *Cato* merry;
Such are our thanks that you may have
In bloud the Claret that you gave.
And in your service shall be spent
The spirits which your Sack hath lent.

To Phillis.

FYe on this Courtly life, full of diſpleaſure
Where neither frownes nor ſmiles keepe any meaſure,
But every paſſion governs in extremes,
True love and faith from hence falſhod doth baniſh:
And vowes of friendſhip here like vapours vaniſh,
Loyalty's counted but a dreame,
Inconſtant favours like rivers gliding,
Truth is deſpis'd
Whilſt flatterie's priz'd,
Poore vertue here hath no certaine abiding.

Then let's no longer ſtay, my faireſt Phillis,
But let us fly from hence where ſo much ill is;
Into ſome ſome deſert place there to abide,
True love ſhall go with us and faith unfained
Pure thoughts, embraces chaſte, and vowes unſtain'd.
Vertue her ſelfe ſhall ever be our guide,
In Cottage poore where neither frowning fortune,
Nor change of fate
Can once abate,
Our ſweet content, or peace at all importune.

There will we drive our flocks from hills and vallies,
And whilst they feeding are, wee'l sit & dally;
And thy sweet voyce to sing birds shall invite
Whilst I with roses, violets, and lillies
Will flowry garlands make to crown my *Phillis*.
Or numbred verses to thy praise indite
And when the Sun is Westwardly declining,
Our flocks and we,
Will homewards flee
And rest our selves untill the Suns next shining.

Women.

ONce I must confesse I loved
And expected love againe,
But so often as I proved
My expectance was in vaine.

Women joy to be attempted,
And do glory when they see
Themselves from loves force exempted,
And that men captived bee.

If.

If they love, they can conceale it,
And diſſemble when they pleaſe,
When as men will ſtraight reveale it
And make known their hearts diſeaſe.

Men muſt beg and crave their favour,
Making many an idle vow;
Whilſt they froward in behaviour,
Faine would yeild, but know not how.

Sweet ſtolne-ſport to them is gratefull,
And in heart they wiſh to have it;
Yet they do account it hatefull
Upon any termes to crave it.

But would men not goe about it
But leave off at all to woe,
Ere they would be long without it,
They would beg and crave it too.

The World.

WHether men do laugh or weep,
Whether they doe wake or ſleep,
Whether they feele heat or cold,
Whether they be young or old;
There is underneath the Sun
Nothing in true earneſt done.

All

All our pride is but a jeſt,
None are worſt and none are beſt;
Greife and joy, and hope and feare,
Play their pageants every where;
Vaine opinion all doth ſway
And the world is but a play.
Powers above in clouds doth ſit,
Marking our poore apiſh wit,
That ſo lamely without ſtate,
Their high glory imitate.
No ill can be felt but paine,
And that happy men diſdaine.

On his abſent Miſtreſſe.

ABſence, heare thou my proteſtation
Againſt thy ſtrength,
Diſtance and length;
Do what thou canſt for alteration:
For hearts where love's refin'd
Are abſent joyn'd, by tyme combin'd.

Who loves but where the Graces be,
His mind hath found
Affections ground
Beyond time place mortality,
That heart that cannot varie,
Abſence is preſent tyme doth carry.

By

By abſence this good meane I gaine
That I can catch her,
Where none can watch her,
In ſome cloſe corner of my brain,
There I embrace her, and there kiſſe her
And ſo enjoy her, and ſo miſſe her.

The Conſtant Lover.

I Know as well as you, ſhee is not faire,
Nor hath ſhe ſparkling eyes or curled haire;
Nor can ſhee brag of vertue or of truth,
Or any thing about her ſave her youth.
Shee is woman too, and to no End
I know, I verſes write and letters ſend:
And nought I doe can to compaſſion move her
Al this I know, yet cannot chooſe but love her.
Yet am not blind as you and others bee;
Who think and ſweare they little Cupid ſee
Play in their Miſtris eyes, and that there dwell
Roſes on cheekes, and that her breſt excell
The whiteſt ſnow, as if that love were built
On fading red and white' the bodies quilt.
And that I cannot love unleſſ I tell
Wherein or on what part my love doth dwell.
Vaine Hereticks you bee, for I love more
Then ever any did that told wherefore:
Then trouble mee no more, nor tell mee why,
Tis! becauſe ſhee is ſhee, and I am I:

The

The Irish Beggar.

I Pray you save poore Irish knave,
A hone a hone
Round about the towne throughout
Is poore *Shone* gone,
Master to find,
Loving and kinde
But *Shone* to his mind's
Neare the neere,
Poore *Shone* can find none heere
Which makes him cry for feare,
A hone a hone.

Shon being poore, his feet being sore,
For which heele no more
Trot about,
To find Master out,
He had radir go without
And cry a hone,
I was so curst that I was forc't
A hone a hone.

To goe bare foot and strips to boot
And no shooes, none,
None English could I speake,
My mind for to breake,
And many laught to heare the moane I made,
I like a tyred jade,
That had no worke or trade,
Cryed, a hone a hone.

In

In stead of breakfast,
Was faine runn a pace
To gett more stomach to my hungry throate,
And when for freind I sought,
They calld me all to nought,
A hone a hone.

For Ladyes sake some pitty take;
A hone a hone.
I serv'd a lasse where was no masse
No faith none;
Oft was I beat 'cause Ide not eat,
On frydayes, beefe and meat,
Twice a day,
And when I went to pray,
Tooke holy bead away;
A hone a hone.

Make Church to go
Whether will or no
Ile dye, or I doe so,
Grace a Christ,
Poor *Shone* loves Popish Preist,
Good Catholick thou seest.
A hone a hone.

Answer

Answer.

I prithee *Shone* make no more mone
For thy Mr lost.
I doe intend something to spend,,
On Catholicks thus Crost.
Take this small guift,
And with it make a shift;
And bee not thou bereft of thy minde,
Allthough hee be unkind;
To leave thee thus behind
To cry a hone.

Buy thee some beere,
And then some good cheere,
There's nought for thee too deare;
What ere ensue
Be constant still and true,
Thy country do not rue
Nor cry a hone.

Shone
Good shentry men that do intend
To helpe poore *Shone* at's need
Mine patron heer hath given mee beere
And meat whereon to feed,
Yea and money too
And so I hope that you,
VVill do as he did do for my reliefe,
To ease my paine and greife;
Ile eat no powdred beefe;
VVhat ere ensue

Ile

Ile keep my faſt
As in times paſt,
And all my prayers and vowes I will renew.
Cauſe friends I find but few,
Poore *Shone* will ſtill prove true,
And ſo adieu.

A Queſtion.

I aske thee whence thoſe aſhes were
Which ſhrine themſelves in plaits of haire?
Unknown to me, ſure each morne dyes
A Phoenix for a ſacrifice.

I aske whence are thoſe aires that flye
From birds in ſweeteſt harmony?
Unknown to me, but ſure the choice
Of accents ecchoed from her voice.

I aske thee whence thoſe active fires
Take light which glide through burniſht aire?
Unknown to me, unleſſe there flyes
A flaſh of lightning from her eyes.

I aske thee whence thoſe ruddy bloomes
Pierce on her cheekes on ſcarlet gownes?
Unknowne to me? Sure that which flyes
From fading roſes, her cheek dyes.

Ile ask thee of the lilly, whence
It gaind that type of innocence?
Unknowne to me, sure natures decke
Was ravish'd from her snowie neeke.

The Reply.

ASke me no more, whither do stray
The golden atomes of the day;
For in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders, to enrich your haire.

Aske me no more whither doth haste
The nightingal when summer's past;
For in your sweet devided throat
She winters, and keepes warme her noate.

Aske me no more where those starres light
VVhich downewards stoop in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sett, and there
Fixed become, as in their spheare.

Aske me no more where *Jove* bestowes,
When *June* is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauties Orient deep,
All flowers as in their bedds do sleep.

Aske

Aske me no more if East or West,
The Phœnix builds her spicednest;
For unto you at last she flyes,
And in your fragrant bosome dyes.

The Mock-Song.

I Tell you true, whereon doth light
The dusky shade of banisht night,
For in just vengeance heavens allow
It still should shine upon your brow.

I tell you true where men may seek
The sound which once the owle did shreek,
For in your false deviding throat
It lyes, and death is in its noate.

I tell you true whither do passe
The smiling look out of a glasse,
It leapes into your face, for there
A falser shadow doth appeare.

Ile tell you true whither are blowne
The airy wheeles of Thistle down,
They fly into your mind, whose care
Is to be light as thistles are.

I tell you true within what neſt
The ſtranger Cuckoe's eggs do reſt,
It is your boſome which can keepe
Nor him, nor him, where one ſhould ſleepe.

The Moderatix.

ILe tell you where another ſun
That ſetts, as riſeing it begun.
It is my ſelfe who keepes one ſpheare
And were the ſame if men ſo were.

What need I tell, that life and death,
May paſſe in ſentence from one breath;
So iſſue from my equall heart
Both love and ſcorn for mens deſert.

Ile tell you in what heavenly hell
An Angell and a friend may dwell:
It is myne eye whoſe glaſſy book
Sends back the gazers divers look.

Ile tell you in a divers ſcale
One weight can up and downewards hale:
You call me thiſtle, you a roſe;
I neither am, yet both of thoſe.

Ile tell you where both froſt and fire
In peace of common feat conſpire;

My

My frozen breſt that flint is like,
Yet yeilds a fire if you will ſtrike.

Then you that love, and you that loath,
With one aſpect I anſwer both;
For round about me glowes a fire,
Can melt and harden groſſe deſire.

The affirmative anſwer.

OH no, heaven ſaw mens fancyes ſtray
To idolize but duſt and clay;
That emblеme gave that they might ſee,
Your beautye's date but duſt muſt bee.

No *Philomel* when ſummers gon
Haſts to the wood her rape to moane;
(Unwilling hers) a ſhamd to ſee
Your (unlike hers) unchaſtity.

Oh no, thoſe ſtarrs flye but the ſight
Of what you act in dead of night,
A ſhamd themſelves ſhould Pandars proye
In your unſatiate beaſtly love.

Oh no, that roſe when *June* is paſt
Lookes pale as with a poyſonous blaſt;
And ſuch your beauty, when as time
Like winter ſhall oretake your prime.

Oh no the *Phœnix* shuns the place,
And feares the fruitfull fires t'embrace,
Of your hot breſt and barren wombe,
As death or ſome perpetuall tombe.

A diſcourſe between a Poet and a Painter.

Poet. PAinter, I prithee pencill to the life
The woman thou would'ſt willingly call wife,
Faſhion her from the head unto the heel,
So perfect that but gazing thou mayſt feel
Pigmaleons paſſion: colour her faire haire,
Like amber, or to ſomething elſe more rare,
Temper a white ſmall paſte *Parenean* ſnow,
To raiſe her temples, and on it beſtow
Such artificiall azure, that the Eye,
May make the heart beleeve the marble ſkye,
To perfect her had melted in ſoft raines,
Lending a blew to branuch her ſwelling veines
Then Painter, to come lower, her ſweet chin,
I would have ſmall and white, not much
trench'd in;
Nor altogether plain, but ſuch an one
The niceſt thought may judge equall to none.
Her noſe I would have comely, not too high,
Though men call it, in Phyſiognomy,

A type of honour; nor too low, for then
They'l say, that's known (God knowes) how many men;
Nor broad, nor flat, that's the hard favour'd mould;
Nor thin, nor sharp, for then they'ld call her scold.
Apparrell it in such a speaking grace,
That men may read Majesty in her face.
Her lipps a paire of blushing cwinites so red,
Nice fancy may depart away full fed.
But, Painter, when thou com'st unto her eye,
There let thy Pencill play, there cunningly
Expresse thy selfe, for as at feasts, for these
The dainties I keep last to crowne the cheer.
Make her eye Love's sweet argument, a look
That may discourse, make it a well writ book,
Whereas in faire set characters drawn,
Men there may read the text of her heart.
Whiter than white, if you would pourtray ought,
Display her neck pure as the purest thought.
To make her gracious, give her a broad brest
Topt with two milkie mountains; down her chest.
Between those hills let Loves sweet vally lye,
The pleasing thraldome of a Love-sick eye.
Still, Painter, to fall lower paint her waste
Straight as the Cedar, or the *Norway* Mast,
To take a modest slep, let men but guesse
By her neat foot a hidden handsomnesse.

Thus, Painter, I would have her in each part,
Remaine unmatcht by nature or by art.
Canst thou doe this?

Painter. —— Yes Sir, Ile draw a feature,
You shall conclude that art hath out-done nature,
The Pencill Sir, shall force you to confesse,
It can more lively than your pen expresse.
Poet. That by this then let me find,
To this body draw a mind;
O Painter, to your pencill fall,
And draw me something rationall:
Give her thoughts, serious, secure,
Holy, chaste, religious, pure,
From vertue never known to start,
Make her an understanding heart,
Seat the Graces in her mind,
A well taught truth, a faith refin'd
From doubts and jelousies; and give
Unto her heart a hope may live
Longer then time, untill it be
Perfected by Eternity.
Give her an honest loving mind,
Neither too coy, nor yet too kind:
But let her equall thoughts so raise her,
Loose thoughts may fear, and the chast praise her.
Then, Painter, next observe this rule,
A principle in *Apelles* Schoole;

Leave

Leave not too much ſpace between
Her tongue and heart, 'tis ſeldome ſeen
That ſuch tell truth; but let there be,
Between them both a ſympathy:
For ſhe whoſe tongue and heart keep even
In every ſyllable, courts heaven:
If otherwiſe, this maxim know,
Falſe above's not true below.
Thus mind and body let her be all over,
A golden text bound in a golden cover.
Canſt thou doe this?

Painter. ——But Sir, 'Is't your intent
I ſhould draw her in both parts excellent?
Poet. It is.
Paint. Then in plain words, not in dark ſenſe to lurk,
Find you the woman; and 'lle fall to work.

To B. R. for her Bracelets.

'Tis not (Deare Love) that Amber twiſt
Which circles round thy captive wriſt,
Can have the power to make me more
Your priſ'ner then I was before.
Though I that bracelet dearer hold,
Than Miſers would a chaine of gold.
Yet this but tyes my outward part,
Heart-ſtrings alone can tye my heart.

'Tis

'Tis not that soft and silken wreath
Your hands did unto mine bequeath;
Can bind with halfe so powerfull charmes,
As the Embraces of your armes;
Although not iron bands (my faire)
Can bind more fiercely than your haire.
Yet that will chaine me most will be,
Your heart in True Love's knot to me.

Tis not those beams, your haires, nor all
Your glorious out-side doth me thrall;
Although your lookes have force enough
To make the fiercelest Tyrants bow,
Nor any angell could deny,
Your person his idolatry.
Yet I do not so much adore
The temple, but the goddesse more.

If then my soul you would confine
To prison, tye your heart to mine;
Your noble vertues, constant love,
The only powerfull chaines will prove;
To bind me ever, such as those
The hands of death shall ne're unloose.
Untill I such a prisoner be
No liberty can make me free.

On Tom Holland *and* Nell Cotton.

A Light young man lay with a lighter woman,
And did requeſt their things might bee in common;
And gave her (when her good will he had got)
A yard of Holland for an ell of Cotton.

A Welchman.

Jenkin a welchman having ſuites in law
Journying to *London* chance to ſteal a Cow;
For which (pox on her luck as ere man ſaw)
Was burnt with in the fiſt, her know not how.
Being ask'd how well the caſe did with him ſtand
Wee's have her now (quoth *Jenkin*) in her hand.

A Woman that ſcratcht her Huſband.

A VVoman lately fiercely did aſſail
Her husband with ſharp ſpeech, but ſharper nail;
On that ſtood by and ſaw her, to her ſed
Why do you uſe him ſo? he is your head.
He is my head (quoth ſhe) indeed tis true,
I do but ſcratch my head, and ſo may you.

A

A Miſtris.

HEr for a Miſtris, would I faine enjoy,
That hangs the lipp and pouts for every toy:
Speakes like a wag, is bold, dares boldly ſtand
And bid love welcome with a wanton hand,
Laughs lowd, and for one blow will give you three
And when ſhee's ſtabbd, will fall a kiſſing me.
If ſhee be modeſt wiſe and chaſt of life,
Hang her ſhee's good for nothing but a wife.

One fighting with his wife.

MEg and her husband *Tom*, not long agoe,
Were at it cloſe, exchanging blow for blow.
Both being eager, both of a ſtout heart,
Endured many a bang ere they would part.
Peter lookt on & would not ſtint the ſtrife,
He's curſt (quoth he) that parteth man and wife.

Ambition.

THe whiſtling windes me-thinkes do witneſſe this,
No greif ſo great as to have liv'd in bliſſe.

Then

Then only this poore plain song will I sing.
I was not borne, nor shall I dye a King.
To leape at honour is a daungerous case,
See but the gudgeons they will bite a pace.
Untill the fatall hook be swallowed downe,
Wherewith ambition angles for a crowne:
Then be content and let the baite passe by,
He hath enough that lives contentedly.
But if thou must advancement have, then see
This is the way thou must advanced be.
True temporizing is the meanes to climbe
There is no musick without keeping time.

Upon a Gardiner.

COuld he forget his death? that every houre
Was emblem'd to it by the fading flowre:
Should he not mind his end? yes needs he must,
That still was conversant 'mongst bedds of dust.
Then let no on yon in an handkercher
Tempt your sad eyes unto a needlesse feare;
If he that thinkes on death well lives & dyes,
The gardner sure is gon to paradise.

On

On the first Love.

MY first love whom all beauty es did adorn
Fleeing my heart, suppresst it with her scorn.
And since like cynder in my heart it lyes
By every sparkle made a sacrifice.
Each wanton eye now kindleth my desire
And that is free to all which was entire.
For now my wandring thoughts are not confin'd
Unto one woman, but to woman-kind.
This for her shape I love, that for her face,
This for her gesture, or som other grace:
And sometimes when I none of these can find,
I chuse her by the kernell not the rinde.
And so do hope though my choise hope is gone
To find in many what I lost in one.
And like to merchants which have some great losse
Trade by retayle which cannot do in grosse.
She is in fault, which caus'd me first to stray
Needs must he wander, who hath lost his way.
Guiltlesse I am, she did the change provoke,
Which made the charcole which at first was oke.
For as a looking glasse to the aspect,
Whilst it was whole doth but one face reflect:
But cract or broak in peeces, there is shown
Many lesse faces, where was first but one.
So love unto my heart did first preferre
Her image, and there planted none but her:

But

But when twas crackt & martyrd by her scorne
Many lesse faces in her feat were borne,
Thus like to tinder I am prone to catch
Each falling sparkle, fit for any match.

To his Mistris.

I Will not doe sacrifice
To thy face, or to thy eyes
Nor unto thy lilly palme
Nor thy breath that wounding balme:
But the part
To which my heart
In vowes is sealed,
Is that mine
Of blisse divine
Which is concealed.
Whats the golden fruit to me
So I may not shake the tree?
What's that golden architecture
If I may not touch the nectar?
Bare enjoying all the rest
Is but like a golden feast,
Which at need,
Can never feed
Our love sick-wishes
Let me eate
Substantiall meat,
Not view the dishes.

To his letter.

FLy paper, kisse those hands
Whence I am bard of late:
She quickly will unloose thy bands,
O wish me thine estate.

Appeare unto her eyes
Though they do burne to fumes:
For happy is the sacrifice,
Which heaven-fire consumes.

Yet ev'n with this depart
With a soft dying breath,
Whisper the truths into her heart,
And take them on thy death.

Tell her thou canst not now
New oathes or give or take,
Or to repeat the former vow
Wee did each other make.

Say thou cam'st to complain
But not of love, nor her
But on my fortune being faine
Thus absent to conferre.

When thou hast offer'd this
Perhaps then for thy payne,
She will impart to thee a kisse
And read the ore againe.

Perhaps

Perhaps when form my ſake,
Her lipps have made thee bleſt,
That ſo embalmd ſhee, ſhe will make
Thy grave within her breſt.

Oh never then deſire
To riſe from ſuch a roome:
Who would not leave his life t'aſpire
In death to ſuch a tombe.

And in theſe joyes exceſſe,
Melt, languiſh, faint, and dye;
For might I have ſo good acceſſe
To her, ev'n ſo would I.

An Epitaph upon Hurry *the Taylor.*

WIthin this tombe is honeſt *Hurry* layd,
Who in good faſhion liv'd, good faſhion dy'd.
'Tis ſtrange that death ſo ſoon cut off his thread
Som ſay his end not full done, he was dead.

But here the knot is, and I thus it ſcann
He took a yard, whoſe due was but a ſpann.
How era hee's happy, and I know full well
He's now in heaven ſince here he had his hell.

Scylla *toothlesse.*

Scylla is toothlesse; yet when she was young,
She had both tooth enough, and too much tongue:
What should I now of toothlesse *Scylla* say?
But that her tongue hath worne her teeth away.

A Vicar.

AN honest Vicar riding by the way, (day
Not knowing better how to spend the
Did sing unto himself Genevaes psalmes;
A blind man hearing him straight askt an almes
To whom (quoth he) with coine I cannot part,
But god bless thee good man with all my heart,
Quoth the man the greater is my losse,
When such as you do blesse without a crosse.

On a Ribband.

THis silken wreath that circles in my arms
Is but an emblem of your mystick charmes;
Wherewith the magick of your beauty binds
My Captive soule, and round about it winds;

Time

Time may weare out theſe ſoft weak bands, but thoſe:
Strong chaines of braſſe fate ſhall not diſcompoſe
This holy relique may preſerve my wriſt,
But my whole frame by th'other doth ſubſiſt:
To that my prayers and ſacrifice, to this
I only pay a ſuperſtitious kiſſe.
This but the idoll, that the deity;
Religion there is due, here ceremony.
That I receive by faith, this but in truſt;
Here I may tender duty, there I muſt:
This other like a layman I may bear
But I become loves preiſt when that I weare;
This moves like ayre, that as the center ſtands,
That knot your vertue tyes, this but your hands.
That nature fram'd, but this is made by art
This makes my arme your priſoner, that my heart.

To a Gentlewoman, deſiring a copie of Verſes.

FAire Madam, caſt thoſe Diamonds away,
What need their torchlight in ſo bright a day:
Theſe ſhow within your beauties glorious noon

No more than spangles fixed in the moon:
Such jewells then the trueſt luſtre beare
When they hang dangling in an *Æthiop's* eare
But placed neere a beauty, thats ſo bright
Like ſtarres in day-time they are loſt from ſight
In this you do your ſex a great abuſe,
Theſe are not pretious ſtemmes for womens uſe.
Nature to men hath better jewells ſent,
Which ſerve for active uſe not ornament.
Then let us make exchange, ſince that thoſe be
Fitter for you, and theſe more fit for me.

On Dr. Corbets's Marriage.

COme all yee Muſes and rejoyce,
At our *Apolloes* happy choice.
Phœbus has conquer'd *Cupids* charme,
Fair *Daphne* flyes into his arme.
If *Daphne* be a tree, then marke,
Apollo is become the barke.
If *Daphne* be a branch of bay,
He weares her for a crowne to day:
O happy bridegrome which doſt wed
Thy ſelfe unto a virgins bed.
Let thy love burne with hot deſire,
She lackes no oyle to feed the fire.
You know not poore *Pigmaleons* lot
Nor have you a meere idoll got.

You no *Ixion*, you no proud
Juno makes imbrace a cloud.
Looke how pure *Dianaes* skin
Appeares as it is ſhadow'd in
A cryſtall ſtreame; or looke what grace,
Shines in fair *Venus* lovely face;
Whilſt She *Adonis* courts and woes
Such beautyes, yea and more than thoſe,
Sparkle in her; ſee but her ſoul,
And you will judge thoſe beautyes foul.
Her rareſt beautye is within,
She's faireſt where ſhe is not ſeen;
Now her perfection's character
You have approv'd and choſen her.
Oh precious ſhe! at this wedding,
The jewell weares the marriage ring.
Her underſtanding's deep, like the
Venetian Duke you wedd the ſea,
A ſea deep, bottomleſſe, profound,
And which none but your ſelfe may ſound.
Blind *Cupid* ſhot not this love-dart,
Your reaſon choſe, and not your heart;
You knew her little, and when her
Apron was but a muckender,
VVhen that ſame Corrall which doth deck
Her lippes, ſhe wore about her neck:
You courted her, you woed her not
Out of a window; ſhee was got,
And borne your wife; it may be ſe'd,
Her cradle was her marriadge bed.

The ring too was layd up for it
Untill her finger was growne fit;
You once gave her to play withall
A babie, and I hope you shall
This day your auncient guift renew,
So she will do the same for you:
In Virgin wax imprint upon
Her brest your owne impression,
You may (there is no treason in't,)
Coine sterling, now you have a mint.
You now are stronger than before,
Your side hath in it on ribb more.
Before she was a kin to me
Only in soul and amity.
But now wee are, since shee your bride,
In soul and bodye both allyde.
T'is this hath made me lesse to doe,
And I in one can honour two.
This match a riddle may be styld,
Two mothers now have but on child;
Yet need we not a *Salomon*
Each mother here enjoyes her owne.
Many there are I know have try'd,
To make her their owne lovely bride;
But it is *Alexanders* lot,
To cut in twaine the Gordian knot:
Claudia to prove that she was chast,
Tyed but a girdle to her wast;
And drew a ship to Rome by land
But now the world may understand;

Here

Here is a *Claudia* to faire bride,
Thy ſpotleſſe innocence is tryed,
None but thy girdle could have led,
Our *Corbet* to a marriage bed.
Come all ye muſes and rejoyce,
At this your nurſling's happy choyce:
Come *Flora* ſtraw the bridemayds bed
And with a garden crowne her head,
Or if thy flowers be to ſeek,
Come gather roſes at her cheek.
Come *Hymen* light thy torches, let
Thy bed with tapers be beſet.
And if there be no fire by,
Come light thy taper at her eye,
In that bright eye there dwells a ſtarre,
And wiſemen by it guided are.
In thoſe delicious eyes there be,
Two little balls of ivory;
How happy is he then that may
With theſe two dainty balls goe play,
Let not a teare drop from that eye
Unleſſe for very joy to cry.
O let your joy continue; may
A whole age be your wedding day.
O happy virgin, it is true,
That your deare ſpouſe embraceth you.
Then you from heaven are not farre,
But ſure in *Abrahams* boſome are,
Come all ye muſes and rejoyce
At our Apollo's happy choice.

Mart: Epigr. 59 lib: 5.

THoul't mend to morrow, thus thou still
tell'st me. (be?
Faine would I know but this, when that will
Where might a man that bliss-full morning finde,
In vast Armenia, or in utmost Inde?
This morning comes as slow as *Platoes* yeare,
What might this morning cost (for sure tis deare?)
Thoul't mend to morrow: Now's too late; I say
He's only wise that mended yesterday.

In Richardum quendam, Divitem, Avarum.

DEvising on a time what name I might
Best give unto a dry illiberall chuffe,
After long search on his owne name I light,
Nay then (said I) No more, I have enough;
His name and nature do full well agree
For's name is *Rich* and *hard*; and so is he.

In Thomam quendam Catharum.

THomas the puritan, cannot abide
The name of Christmas, Candlemas, or such

But

But calls them ever Chriſtide, Candleride,
At all to name the maſſe (forſooth) to much;
Thomas by this your rule the ſacred font
In Baptiſm muſt be-waſh your limmes againe,
And a new name you muſt receive upon't
For ſuperſtitious *Thomas* you'l diſdaine.
Then might I be your godſire, or his guide,
Inſtead of *Thomas* you ſhall have *Tom-tyde*.

Epilogus Incerti Authoris.

Like to the mowing tone of unſpoke ſpeeches,
Or like two lobſters clad in logick breeches;
Or like the gray fleece of a crimſon catt,
Or like a moone-calfe in a ſlippſhoo hatt;
Or like the ſhaddow when the ſunne is gone,
Or like a thought, that nev'r was thought upon,
Even ſuch is man who never was begotten,
Untill his children were both dead and rotten.

Like to the fiery touch-hole of a cabbage,
Or like a crablowſe with his bag and baggage.
Or like the guilt reflection of the winde,
Or like th' abortive iſſue borne behind,
Or like the four ſquare circle of a ring,
Or like high downe a ding a ding a ding.

Even

Even such is man who breathlesse without doubt
Spake to small purpose when his tongue was out.
Like the fresh colours of a withered Rose
Or like a running verse that's writ in prose.
Or like the umbles of a tynder box,
Or like a sound man, troubled with the pox.
Or like to hobbnayles coyn'd in single pence,
Lest they should lose their preterperfect-tence
Ev'n such is man who dyed, and yet did laugh,
To read these strong lines for his Epitaph.

THE

THE INNOVATION OF *PENELOPE* AND *VLYSSES*, A Mock-Poem.

By *J. S.*

LONDON,
Printed *Anno Dom.* 1658.

The Epiſtle Dedicatory to the Reader.

COurteous Reader, I had not gone my full time, when by a ſudden flight occaſioned by the Beare and Wheel-barrow on the Bank-ſide, I fell in travaile, and therefore cannot call this, a timely Iſſue, but a Miſchance, which I muſt put out to the world to nurſe; hoping it will be foſtered with the greater care, becauſe of its own innocency. The reaſons why the Dedication is ſo generall, is to avoid Carps in the Fiſhpond of this world, for now no man may reade it, but muſt patronize it.

And muſt protect what he would greet perchance,
If he were not the Patron with def-iance.

You

You see here I have much adoe to hold in my muse from her jumping meeter: it is time to let slip. For as the cunning statuarist did by *Alcides* foot guesse at the proportion of his whole body; so doe I forbeare the application of this Simile and rest,

Yours ever.

J.S.

To his Worthy Friend Mr. *J. S.*

upon his happy Innovation of *Penelope* and *Vlysses*.

IT was no idle fancie, I beheld
A reall obiect, that around did gild
The neighbouring vallies and the mountaine tops,
That sided to Parnassus, *with the drops*
From her dishevel'd hayre. I sought the cause,
And loe, she had her dwelling in the jawes
Of pearly Helicon, *assign'd to bee*
Guide ore the Comick straynes of poetry.
She lowr'd her flight, and soone assembled all,
That since old Chaucer *had tane leave to call,*
Upon her name in print: But O the rabble
Of pamphleteers even from the court toth' stable,
Knights, and discarded Captaines, with the scribes;
Famous in water-works, besides the tribe
Of the true poets, they attended on
The birth of this great Convocation.
Sacred Thalia, *in an angrie heat*
That well became her zeale, rose from her seat;
And beckoning for silence, there disclaym'd,
Protection of the poets, and then nam'd
The cause of her revoke, for that (quoth she)
So many panders 'long to poetry:

A crue of Scriblers that with brazen face
Prostitute art and worke unto disgrace
My patronage, each calling out on mee
For midwife to his bastard progenie.
Thus standing as protectresse of that brood
My care's ill construed by the sister-hood.
With that she paused a while, and glanc'st her eye
Among st the mingled pen-wrights, to descrie
One to distinguish by a different style,
Dull Latmus *from Diviner* Pindus *soyle,*
At length she fix't on thee, and then anon
Proclaym'd the her selected champion.
Then was this worke presented to her eare.
She smiled at it, and was pleas'd to heare
Dunces so well traduc'd; and by this rule,
Discoverd all that nere were of the schoole
Of noble poesie, and them she threw
Farre from her care and her aquantance too;
Thus were they found and lost, and this the test,
They writ in earnest what's here meant in jest.

James Atkins.

To

To his Precious Friend *J. S.* upon his choyſe conceipt of *Penelope* and *Ulyſſes*.

LOng look't for comes at laſt; twas ſayd of olde,
I'le uſe the proverb; herein I am bold:
For if the ancient Poets don't belie us
Nihil jam dictum quod non dictum prius:
But let that paſſe; the thing I would intend,
With my unpoliſt lines, is to commend
A worke that may to an ingenious eare
Be its owne orator; for nothing here,
But grate's this ſtupid age, wherein each mate
That can but ryme, is poet laureat:
It is the ſcorne of time, and for my part
That at the beſt am but a friend to art,
My ſenſes ake to heare the cry advance
And dote upon the workes of ignorance;
Let fooles admire folly: while I thee
That into paſtime turn'ſt their poetrie.

To his Sonne, upon his *Minerva.*

Thou art my son, in that my choyse is stroke;
Thine with thy fathers muse strikes equall stroke,
It shewd more art in Virgil *to relate,*
And make it worth th' heareing, his Gnats fate;
Then to conceive what those great mindes must be
That sought and found out fruitfull Italie.
And such as read and do not apprehend
And with applause the purpose and the end
Of this neat Poem, in themselves confesse
A dull stupiditie and barrennesse.
Methinks I do behold in this rare birth
A temple built up to facetious mirth,
Pleasd Phœbus *smiling on it; doubt not then,*
But that the suffrage of juditious men
Will honour this Thalia; and for those
That praise Sr. Bevis, or whats worse in prose,
Let them dwell still in ignorance. To write
In a new strain, and from it raise delight
As thou in this hast done, doth not by chance
But merit, crowne thee with the laurell branch.

Phillip Massenger.

To his Deare Friend Mr. J. S. upon his quaint Innovation of *Penelope* and *Ulyſſes*.

FLy, Fly my muſe, this is the tyme if ever
To try thy wings, now ſore aloft or never;
Importune fame, for 'tis her hand muſt owe
A glory to this temple. Bid her blow,
Till her lungs crack, and call the world to ſee
A worke that elſe will it's owne trumpet be.
I would not have the ſqueamiſh Age to jeare
Or ſlighe my muſe for bringing up the reare:
Nor let the gariſh rabble looke a ſquint,
As though I were one of their tribe in print:
It is a Truſt that fitly does become
My matchleſſe freindſhip to have ſuch a Rome
For know no vulgar pen could ever glory
To be the Maſter of ſo choiſe a ſtory.
Bluſh, Bluſh, for ſhame, yee wood-be-poets all,
Here ſee your faces, let this glaſſe recall
Your faults to your remembrance, numbers, rym
Your long parentheſes, and verſe that clime
Up to the elbow; here you may deſcry
Such ſtuffe as weaker wits call poetry:
From hence-forth let no pedling rimers dare
Prophane Thalias alters with ſuch ware.
For which great cure, this booke unto thy name
Shallbe a trophy of immortall fame.

The Author to the Author.

To his worthy Friend *J. S.* upon his happy Translation of *Ulysses* and *Penelope*.

LEt joy possesse the universall Globe,
The worke is donne, bright Sol *is in his robe,*
Let time and nature breathe, and let the arts,
Pause here a while, they have perform'd their parts
And as a Man, that from the Alpes doth fall
Being in drinke, and has no hurt at all:
When afterwards hee has consider'd well,
An't veiw'd the Altitude, from whence hee fell,
When in his sober thoughts hee has the hint on't
It frights him more then to endure the dint on't;
Even so our Author, when hee veiwes aright
What time and industry have brought to light,
May more be troubled both in Mind and Wit,
To thinke what's donne, then in the doing it,
If at the spring and Birth-day of Glendour,
Whom storyes treat of for a Man and more,
If then I say there was such notice taken,
That Wales and all her Mountaniers were shaken,
What Alteration must there needes be now,
To usher in thine Issue! who knowes how

To

To fadom thought, or tye the starres in strings?
Such must his learning be that kens these things.
Me-thinks the spheares should falter, and the sage
Should from this time reckon another age,
Gossips shall make it famous, It shall bee
The common Meatpole to Posterity:
The time of Edmonds *and of* Gertrude's *birth,*
Was three yeares after such a worke came forth,
Then was the great eclipse, and that the time
When this Mans Grandfather was in his prime;
Hackster *the Back-sword-man then broke his Arme,*
That yeare old Honyman *his Bees did swarme,*
And if I guesse aright, began that yeare
The Hollanders Plantation in York-shire.
Thus shall all Accidents be brought about,
And this the onely time to find em out.
Men did of old count from the dayes of Adam,
And Eve the spinster (no newes then of Madam,)
Some from Diana's Temple, that rare peece,
Some from the stealing of the Golden fleece;
From moderne Matters som their Reckoning make
From the great voyage of Sr: Francis Drake,
Other's from 88, *and some there are*
That count from bringing of the Brook from VVare.
But all these things shall be abolish'd quite,
And no Man now shall aprehend delight,
To have a sonne a daughter or a neece,
Their age not dated with this master-peece.

More I would ſay, much more; but that I fear
My liberall commendations would appeare
Like to the Gates of Thebes, where all, and ſome,
Fear'd leſt the citty ſhould run out at 'um,
Such may my error be, whilſt here I ſing,
Great Neptunes *Anthems, to ſalute a ſpring,*
But ſuch a ſpring, as all that are have ſeene it
Confeſſe theres nought but ſpirit of waters in it.
And here let me excuſe that prity Elfe
Thy frewurd Muſe that left thee to thy ſelfe;
Whom thou upbraidſt for that; which I replye,
Was nought but Advantagious Policy;
T'was a good Omen when ſhe backward went
That ſhe would arme her ſelfe with double hint
And ſo ſhee did, they'l ſay, that doe peruſe ore
This ſeeming pamphlet which aboue enſues your

Loving Friend.

J. S.

The

The Author to himſelfe.

HIgh as the Alpes *my towring muſe dos wing it,*
To ſnach the laurell from fames fane, & fling it
Even at thy crowne, thy crowne; where may it ſit,
Till time it ſelfe, being non-plus'd, wither it.
Each ſtroake that herein of thy pen made proof,
Is like the ſtamp of Pegaſus *his hoof,*
And does uncurtaine where does ſit and ſing,
The Heliconians, *round about the ſpring.*
I wiſh the world this pamphlet had not ſeene,
Or having view'd it, it had faulty been.
Then might I ſtill have lov'd thee, cruell fate
Has made the now the object of my hate:
For envy feedes on merit, but believe mee,
I love thy perſon, though thy worth does grieve me.

I. S.

THE

The Preface to that moſt elaborate piece of Poetry, entituled, Penelope and Ulyſſes.

NO, I proteſt, not that I wiſh the gaines
To ſpoile the trade of mercenary braines,
I am indifferently bent, ſo, ſo,
Whether I ever ſell my workes or no.
Nor was't my aime when I took pen in fingers,
To take imployment from the Ballad-ſingers;
Nor none of theſe: But on a gloomy day,
My genius ſtept to me, and thus gan ſay;
Liſten to me, I give you information,
This Hiſtory deſerves a grave tranſlation;
And if compariſons be free from ſlanders,
I ſay, as well as *Hero* and *Leanders*.
This ſaid, I took my chaire, in colours wrought,
Which at an outcry, with two ſtooles I bought.
The ſtooles of *Dornix*, which that you may know well
Are certain ſtuffs, Upholſters uſe to ſell. (them,
Stuffs, ſaid I? No: ſome Linſey- Wolſey-monger mixt
They were not Stuff nor Cloth ſure, but betwixt them.
The Ward I bought them in, it was without
Highe *Faringdon*, and there a greaſie lout
Bid for them ſhillings ſix, but I bid ſeven,
A ſumme that is accounted odd, not eeven:
The Cryer thereat ſeemed to be willing,
Quoth he, there's no man better then ſeven ſhilling,
He thought it was a reaſonable price,
So ſtruck upon the Table, once, twice, thrice,
My pen in one hand, Pen-knife in the other,
My Ink was good, my Paper was no other.
So ſat me down, being with ſadneſſe moved,
To ſing this new Song, ſung of old by *Ovid*.

Bu

But would you think, as I was thus preparing
All in a readineſſe, here and there ſtaring
To find my implements, that th' untoward Elfe,
My Muſe, ſhould ſteal away, and hide her ſelfe,
Juſt ſo it was, faith, neither worſe nor better.
A way ſhe run, er'e I had writ a Letter.
I after her a pace, and beat the Buſhes, (Ruſhes
Rank Graſſe, Firrs, Ferne, and the tall Banks of
At laſt I found my Muſe, and wot you what,
I put her up, for lo ſhe was at ſquat.
Thou ſlut quoth I, hadſt thou not run away,
I had made Verſes all this live-long day.
But in good ſooth, o're much I durſt not chide her,
Leſt ſhe ſhould run away, and hide her
But when my heat was o're I ſpake thus to her;
Why did'ſt thou play the wag? I'm very ſure.
I have commended thee, above old *Chaucer*;
And in a Tavern once I had a Sawcer
Of White-wine Vinegar, daſht in my face,
For ſaying thou deſervedſt a better grace:
Thou knowſt that then I took a Sawſedge up,
Upon the knaves face it gave ſuch a clap,
That he repented him that he had ſpoken
Againſt thy Fame, he ſtruck by the ſame token.
I oft have ſung thy Meeters, and ſometimes,
I laught to ſet on others at thy rimes,
When that my Muſe conſidered had this geare,
She ſigh'd ſo ſore, it griev'd my heart to heare,
She ſaid ſhe had done ill, and was not blameleſſ,
And *Polyhymney* (one that ſhal be nameleſſe,
Was preſent when ſhe ſpoke it) and before her,
My Muſes lamentation was the ſoarer.
And then to ſhew ſhe was not quite unkinde,
She ſounded out theſe ſtrong lines of her minde.

THE

THE INNOVATION OF *Vlysses* and *Penelope.*

O All ye (1) Cliptick Spirits of the Sphæres
That have or (2) ſenſe to hear or (3) uſe of eares,
And you in number (4) twelve Cæleſtiall Signes
That Poets have made uſe of in their lines,
And by which men doe know what Seaſons good
To gueld their Bore-piggs, and let Horſes blood;
Liſt to my dolefull glee, ô (5) liſt I ſay,
Unto the Complaint of Penelopay.

(1.) The harder the word is, the eaſier it is to be underſtood.
(2.) (3.) In varying the uſe of the ſenſes, the Author ſhewes himſelfe to be in his wits.
(4.) There the Author ſhewes himſelfe to be well verſed in the Almanack.
(5.) Being twice repeated, it argues an elegant fancy in the Poet.

Shee

She was a Loser, I, and so was hee
As loving unto her, and he to (6) she:
But mark how things were clear'd in a moment
Ulysses was a Græcian born, I so meant
To have inform'd you first, but since 't is o're,
It is as (7) well, as had it been before:
He being as I said, a Greek there rose
A Quarrell 'twixt the Trojans and their (8) foes,
I mean the Græcians, whereof he was (9) one,
But let that pass, he was *Laertes* Sonne.
Yet least some of the difference be ig-norant,
It was about a (1) Wench, you may hear more (2) on't
In Virgils *Æneids*, and in *Homer* too;
How *Paris* lov'd her, and no more adoe
But goes and steales her from her Husband: wherefore
The Græcians took their Tooles, and fighted therefore.

(6) To make false English, argues as much knowledge as to make true latin.
(7.) Better once done then never.
(8.) For sometimes there may happen a quarrell amongst friends.
(9.) Till he was married, he could be but one.
(1.) There is no mischiefe, but a woman is at one end of't.
(2.) The more you heare on't, the worse you'l like it.

And

And that you may perceive they were ſtoute
(3)Signiors,
The Combat laſted for the ſpace of ten (4)
years.
This Gallant bideing where full many a Mo-
ther
Is oft bereav'd of Child, Siſter of Brothe,
His Lady greatly longing for his preſence
(5) Writ him a Letter, whereof this the
Senſe.

"*My pretty Duck, my Pigſnie, my* Ulyſſes,
"*Thy poor* Penelope *ſends a* (6)*thouſand Kiſſes*
"*As to her only Joy, a hearty greeting;*
"*Wiſhing thy Company, but not thy meeting*
"*With enemies, and fiery Spirits in Armour,*
"*And which perchance may do thy body harme-*
or
"*May take thee Priſoner, and clap on thee bolts*
"*And locks upon thy legges, ſuch as weare Colts.*
"*But ſend me word, and e're that thou want ranſ-*
ſome
"*Being a man ſo comely, and ſo handſome,*
"*Ile ſell my Smocke both from my backe and*
(7) *belly*

(3.) There was a Spaniſh regiment amongſt them.
(4.) That may be done in an houre, which we may repent all our life after.
(5.) Being up to the Elbowes in trouble, ſhe expreſſed it in this line.
(6.) Even Reckoning, makes long friends.
(7.) As a pudding ha's two ends, ſo a ſmock ha's two tailes.

"*E're*

"E're you want Money, Meat, or Cloathes, I tell yee.

When that *Ulyſſes*, all in grief enveloped,
Had markt how right this Letter was Penelo-
ped.
Laid one hand on his heart, and ſaid 't was
guilty,
Reſting the other on his Dagger-hilty,
Thus gan to ſpeake: O thou that doſt con-
troule
All beauties elſe, thou haſt ſo bang'd my ſoule
With this thy lamentation, that I ſweare,
I love thee ſtrangely, without wit or fear;
I could have wiſh'd (quoth he,) my ſelfe the
Paper
Inke, Standiſh, Sandbox, or the burning Ta-
per,
That were the Inſtruments of this thy write-
ing
Or elſe the Stool whereon thou ſat'ſt inditing:
And ſo might have bin neer that lovely breech
That never yet was troubled with the (8) Itch.
And with the thought of that, his Sorrow
doubled
His heart with wo, was ſo Cuff'd and Cornub-
led,

(8.) As Love doth commonly break out into an itch, yet with her it did not ſo.

That

That he approv'd one of his Ladyes Verſes,
(The which my Author in his booke rehearſes)
'Tis true quoth he, (9) Loves troubles make me tamer,
Res eſt Solicitis plena timoris Amor.
This ſaid, he blam'd himſelfe, and chid his folly
For being ſo ore-rul'd with melancholly,
He call'd himſelf, Fool, Coxecombe, Aſſe, and Fop,
And many a ſcurvy name he reckon'd up,
But to himſelf, this language was too rough,
For certainly the Man had wit enough:
For he reſolves to leave his Trojan foes,
And go to ſee his Love in his beſt Cloaths.
But marke how he was croſſ'd in his intent,
His friends ſuſpected him incontinent:
And ſome of them ſuppoſ'd he was in love,
Becauſe his eyes all in his head did move,
Or more or leſs then uſed, I know not which
But I am ſure they did not move ſo mich
As they were wont to doe: and then 'twas blaſted.
Ulyſſes was in love, and whilſt that laſted

(9.) There the Author tranſlates out of Ovid, as Ben Johnſon do's in Sejanus out of Homer.

No other newes within the Camp was ſpoke of,
And many did ſuppoſe the Match was broke off,
But he conceal'd himſelf, nor was o're haſty
To ſhift his Cloaths, though now grown ſomewhat naſty,
But having waſh'd his hands in Pewter Baſon,
Determines for to get a Girle or a Son,
On fair *Penelope*, for he look'd trimmer
Then young *Leander* when he learn'd his (1) Primer,
To Græce he wends apace, for all his hope
Was only now to ſee faire *Penelope*:
She kemb'd her head, and waſh'd her face in Creame
And pinch'd her cheeks to make the (2) redde bloud ſtream
She don'd new cloaths, and ſent the old ones packing,
And had her ſhoes rub'd over with Lamp(3) blacking,
Her new rebato, and a falling band,
And Rings with ſeverall poeſies on her hand.

(1.) By this you may perceive, that primers were firſt printed at Abidos.
(2.) For diſtinction ſake, becauſe many mens noſes bleed white blood.
(3.) Black is the beauty of the ſhoe.

A ſtomacher upon her breaſt ſo bare,
For Strips and Gorgets was not then the
weare.
She thus adorn'd to meet her youthfull
Lover
Heard by a Poſt-boy, he was new come over:
She then prepares a banquet very neat
(4) Yet there was not a bit of Butchers meat
But Pyes, and Capons, Rabbits, Larkes, and
Fruit;
Orion on a Dolphin, with his (5) Harpe,
And in the midſt of all theſe diſhes ſtood
A platter of Peaſe-porridg, wondrous good,
And next to that the god of Love was plac'd,
His Image being made out of Rye-paſte,
To make that good, which the old Proverb
ſpeaks
[The one the Heart, 'tother the belly breaks.]

Ulyſſes ſeeing himſelf a welcome Gueſt
Reſolves to have ſome Fidlers at the Feaſt:
And 'mongſt the various Conſort chooſing
them
That in their ſleeves the armes of *Agamem-*
non, in the next verſe, wore; Cry'd in a rage
Sing me ſome Song made in the Iron-Age.

(4.) Becauſe a Cow, was amongſt the ancient Grecians called a Neat, Geſner in his Etymolog. lib. 103. Tom 16.

(5.) Better falſifye the Rime, then the Story, &c.

The

The Iron-Age, quoth he that us'd to sing?
This to my mind the Black-Smith's Song doth bring
The Black-Smiths, quoth *Ulisses*? and there holloweth,
Whoope! is there such a Song? Let's ha't.
It followeth,

The Black-Smith.

As it was sung before Ulysses *and* Penelope *at their Feast, when he returned from their* Trojan Warrs, *collected out of* Homer, Virgill *and* Ovid, *by some of the Modern Familie of the Fancie.*

OF all the trades that ever I see,
There's none with the *Blacksmith* compar'd may be,
With so many severall tooles workes hee
Which Nobody can deny,
The first that ever thunderbolt made,
Was a Cyclops of the *Blacksmiths* trade,
As in a learned author is sayd,
Which Nobody, &c.
When Thunderingly we lay about
The fire like lightening flasheth out;
Which suddainly with water wee d'out.
Which No, &c.

The

The fayreſt Godeſſe in the skyes
To marry with Vulcan did deviſe,
Which was a *Blacksmith* grave and wiſe
Which, &c.

Mulciber to do her all right
Did build her a Towne by day and by night,
Which afterwards he Hammerſmith hight
Which, &c.

And that no Enemy might wrong her
Hee gave her Fort ſhe need no ſtronger,
Then is the lane of Ironmonger,
Which, &c.

Vulcan farther did acquaint her
That a pritty eſtate he would appoynt her,
And leave her Seacoale-lane for a joynture.
Which, &c.

Smithfeild he did free from dirt,
And he had ſure great reaſon for't
It ſtood very neare to * venus court { * Turnemill ſtreet
Which, &c.

But after in good time and tide,
It was to the *Blacksmiths* rectifyed,
And given'em by *Edmond Ironſide*,
Which, &c.

At laſt * he made a Nett or traine, * Vulcan.
In which the God of warre was t'ane,
Which ever ſince was call'd Pauls-chaine
Which, &c.

The common proverb, as it is read,
That we ſhould hit the nayle o'the head:

Without the *Blacksmith* cannot be said,
Which, &c.
There is another must not be forgot
Which falls unto the *Blacksmiths* lot,
That we should strike while the I'rons hott,
Which, &c.
A third lyes in the *Blacksmiths* way
When things are safe as old-wives say,
They have 'em under lock and key,
Which, &c.
Another proverb makes me laugh
Because the Smith can challenge but halfe;
When things are as Plaine as a Pike staffe,
Which, &c.
But 'tother halfe to him does belong;
And therefore, do the Smith no wrong,
When one is held to it hard, buckle and thong,
Which, &c.
Then there is a whole one proper and fit
And the *Blacksmith's* justice is seene in it,
When you give a man roastmeat and beat him with spitt,
Which, &c.
A nother proverb does seldome fayle,
When you meet with naughty beere or ale,
You cry it is as dead as a dore nayle,
Which, &c.
If you stick to one when fortunes wheele
Doth make him many losse; feele
We say such a friend is as true as steele.
Which &c.

There's

Ther's one that's in the *Blacksmith's* bookes,
And from him alone for remedy lookes.
And that is he that is offo'the hookes.
Which, &c.

Ther's ner'a slutt, if filth over-smutch her
But owes to the *Blacksmith* for her leatcher:
For without a payre of tongs no man will touch her
Which, &c.

There is a lawe in merry England
In which the Smith has some command
When any one is burnt in the hand;
Which, &c.

Banbury ale a halfe-yard-pott,
The Devill a Tinker dares stand to't;
If once the toft be hizzing-hott.
Which, &c.

If any Taylor has the Itch,
Your *Blacksmith's* water, as black as pitch,
Will make his fingers goe thorow-stitch.
Which, &c.

A Sullen-woman needs no leech,
Your *Blacksmiths* Bellowes restores her speech
And will fetch her againe with wind in her Breech.
Which, &c.

Your snuffling Puritans do surmise,
That without the *Blacksmiths* mysteries,
St Peter had never gotten his keyes,
Which every one can deny.

And further more there are of those
That without the *Blacksmiths* help do suppose
St: Dunstan had never tane the Divel by the
nose *Which Nobody can deny.*
And though they are so rigid and nice
And rayle against Drabs, and Drinke, and Dice
Yet they do allowe the *Blacksmith* his vice
Which, &c.
Now when so many Hæresies fly about,
And every sect growes still more in doubt
The *Blacksmith* he is hammering it out,
Which, &c.
Though Serjeants at law grow richer far,
And with long pleading a good cause can marr
Yet your *Blacksmith* takes more pains at the
Barr, *Which*, &c.
And though he has no Commander's look
Nor can brag of those he hath slayn and took,
Yet he is as good as ever strooke.
Which, &c.
For though he does lay on many a blow
It ruines neither freind nor foe;
Would our plundering-souldiers had don so,
Which every one can deny.
Though Bankrupts lye lurking in their holes
And laugh at their Creditors, and catchpoles,
Yet your Smith can fetch em over the coales.
Which Nobody can deny.
Our lawes do punish severely still,
Such as counterfit, deed, bond, or bill,
But

But your Smith may freely forge what he will
Which, &c.
To be a Jockey is thought a fine feat,
As to trayne up a horſe, and preſcribe him his meat
Yet your ſmith knowes beſt to give a heat.
Which, &c.
The Roreing-Boy who every one quayles
And ſwaggers, & drinks, & ſweares and rayles,
Could never yet make the Smith eat his nayls.
Which, &c.
Then if to know him men did deſire,
They would not ſcorne him but ranck him higher
For what he gets is out of the fire.
Which. &c.
Though Ulyſſes himſelfe has gon many miles
And in the warre has all the craft & the wiles,
Yet your Smith can ſooner double his files.
Which, &c,
Sayſt thou ſo, quoth Ulyſſes, and then he did call
For wine to drinke to the *Black-Smiths* all,
And he vowed it ſhould go round as a Ball
Which Nobody ſhould deny.
And cauſe he had ſuch pleaſure t'ane,
At this honeſt fidlers merry ſtraine,
He gave him the Horſe-Shoe in Drury-lane
Which Nobody can deny.

Where his posterity ever since
Are ready with wine, both Spanish & French,
For those that can bring in another Clench
Which Nobody can deny.
The song being don they drank the health, they rose
They wo'd in verse, and went to bed in prose.

A Prologue to the Mayor of Quinborough.

LOe I the Maior of *Quinborough Town* by name,
With all my brethren saving one that's lame;
Are come as fast as fyery mil-horse gallops,
To meet thy grace, thy Queene, & her fair Trollops;
For reason of our comming do no look,
It must be don, I finde it i'th Town-book:
And yet not I my selfe, I scorne to read,
I keep a Clarck to do these jobbs at need.
And now respect a rare conceipt before Thong cattle see thee,
Reach me the thing, to give the King, that other too, I pretthee;
Now here they be, for Queene and hee, the guilt's all steele, and leather,
But the conceit of mickle weight, and here they 're com together,

To

To ſhew two loves muſt joyne in one, our
Towne preſents to thee,
This gilded ſcabberd to the Queene, this
dagger unto Thee.

A Song.

HEe that a happy life will lead,
In theſe times of diſtraction,
Let him liſt'n to me and I will him read
A lecture without faction.
Let him want three things whence miſery
ſprings,
They all begin with a letter.
Let him bound his deſires to what nature
requires,
And with reaſon his humor fetter.

Let not his wealth prodigious grow,
For that breeds care and dangers;
Makes him envi'd above, and hated below,
And a conſtant ſlave to ſtrangers.
They're happieſt of all whoſe eſtate are ſmall
Though but enough to maintain 'um (pay,
They may do, they may ſay, having nothing to
It will not quit coſt to arraigne u'm.

Nor would I have him clogg'd with a wife,
For houſehould care and cumber,

Nor to one place confine a mans life:
Cause he cannot remove his lumber.
They are happier farr that unwedded are,
And forrage on all in common, (dye
For all stormes they may flye, & if they should
They undo neither child nor woman.

Nor let his braines overflow with witt,
That savours on discretion;
'Tis costly to get and hard to keep
And dangerous, in the possession.
They are happyest men that can scarce tell ten,
And beat not their braines about reason;
They may say what will serve, themselves to preserve,
And their words are neare tak'n for treason.

Of fools there is none like to the Witt
For he takes paines to show it,
When his pride and his drinke brings him into his fit;
Then straight he must be a poet
Now his jests he flings at States and at Kings
For applause of bayes and shaddowes;
Thinkes a verse serves as well, as circle or spell
Till he rhimes himselfe to the Barbadoes.

He that within his bounds will keep,
May baffle all dysasters;
To fortune and fate commands he may give Which

Which worldlings call their maſters;
He may dance, he may laugh, he may ſing, he may quaffe,
May be mad, may be ſad may be jolly,
He may walk without fear, and ſleep without care,
And a fig for the world and its folly.

The drunken Lover. J. D. *Delight.*

I Dote, I dote, but am a ſott to ſhow't,
I was a very fool to let her know't;
For now ſhe doth ſo cuning grow,
She proves a freind worſe then a foe:
She will not hold me faſt nor let me goe,
She tells me, I cannot forſake her;
Then ſtraight I endeavor to leave her,
But to make me ſtay throw's a kiſſe in my way,
Oh then I could tarry for ever.

Then I retire, ſalute, and ſit down by her,
There do I ſrve in froſt, and freeze in fire,
New Nectar from her lipps I ſup.
And though I do not drink all up;
Yet am I drunk with kiſſing of the cup:
For her lipps are two brimmers of Clarret,
Where firſt I begin to miſcarry:
Her breſts of delight, are two bottles of white,
And her eyes are two cups of Canary.

Drunk

Drunk as I live, dead drunk beyond reprieve
For all my secrets dribble through a sive,
Her arme about my neck she saith,
Now all is Scripture that she saith
Which I lay hold on; with my fuddled faith,
I find a fond lover's a drunkard;
And dangerous is when he flyes out,
With hipps and with tipps, with black eyes and white thighes,
Blind *Cupid* sure tippled his eyes out.

She bids me, Arise, tells me I must be wise,
Like her, for she is not in love she cryes;
Then do I fret and fling and throw,
Shall I be fettered to my foe?
Then I begin to run but cannot goe
I pray thee, sweet, use me more kindly.
You had better for to hold me fast,
If you once disengage your bird from his cage,
Beleave me hee'le leave you at last.

Lik a sot I sit that fild the towne with witt,
But now confesse I have most need of it;
I have been drunk with duck and deare,
A bove aquarter of a yeare:
Beyond the cure of sleeping or small beere,
think I can number the months too,
July, *August*, *September*, *October*
Thus goes my account a miscreife upon't
But sure I shall goe when I am sober.

My

My legs are lame, my courage is quite tam'de,
My heart and all my body is inflamde;
Now by experience I can prove.
And sweare by all the powers above;
Tis better to be drunk with wine then love.
Good lack makes us merry and witty,
Our faces with jwells adorning,
And though that we grope yet, there is some hope,
That a man may be sober next morning.

Then with command she throwes me from her hand,
She bids me goe yet knowes I cannot stand;
I measure all the ground by tripps,
Was ever Sot so drunk in sipps,
Or ever man so over seene in lipps;
I pray, maddam fickle, be faithfull,
And leave off your damnable dodging,
Pray do not deceive me, either love me or leave me,
And let me go home to my lodging.

I love too much but yet my follie's such
I cannot leave, I must love to'ther touch,
Heres a Health unto the King, how now?
I am drunk and speak treason I vow;
Lovers and fooles say any thing you know,
I feare I have tyred your patience,
But I am sure, tis I have the wrong on't,

My

My wit is bereft me; for all that I have left me
Will but juſt ſerve to make me a ſong on't,
My miſtris and I ſhall never comply,
And there is the ſhort and the long on't.

To the Tune of The beginning of the World, R. P. Delight.

O Mother, chave bin a batchelour,
This twelve and twanty yeare;
And I'ze have often beene a wowing,
And yet cham never the neare:
Ione Gromball chee'l ha' nous' mee,
Ize look ſo like a lowt;
But I vaith, cham as propper a man as zhe,
Zhee need not be zo ſtout.

She zaies if ize, cond daunce and zing,
As *Thomas Miller* con,
Or cut a cauper, as litle *Iack Taylor*:
O how chee'd love mee thon.
But zoft and faire, chil none of that,
I vaith cham not zo nimble;
The Tailor hath nought to trouble his thought
But his needel and his thimble,

O zon, th'art of a lawfull age,
And a jolly tidy boy,
Ide have thee try her once a gaine,
She can but ſay thee nay: Then

Then O Gramarcy mother,
Chill zet a good vace o' the matter,
Chill dreſſe up my zon as fine as a dog
And chill have a freſh bout at her.

And firſt chill put on my zunday parrell
That's lac't about the quarters;
With a paire of buckram ſlopps,
And a vlanting paire of garters.
With my ſword tide vaſt to my zide,
And my grandvathers dug'en and dagger
And a Peacocks veather in my capp
Then oh how I'ch ſhall ſwagger.

Nay tak thee a lockrum napkin ſon,
To wipe thy ſnotty noſe,
T's noe matter vor that, chill ſnort it out,
And vlurt it athart my cloths:
Ods, bodikins nay fy away,
I prethee ſon do not ſo:
Be mannerly ſon till thou canſt tell,
Whether ſheele ha' thee or noe.

But zirrah Mother harke a while
Whoes that that comes ſo near?
Tis *Ione Grumball*, hold thy peace,
For feare that ſhe doe heare.
Nay on't be ſhe, chill dreſſe my words
In zuch a ſcholards grace.
But virſt of all chall take my honds,
And lay them athwart her vace. Good

Good morrow my honey my ſugger-candy,
My litle pretty mouſe,
Cha hopes thy vather and mother be well,
At home at thine own houſe.
I'ch am zhame vac't to ſhow my mind,
Cham zure thou knowſt my arrant:
Zum zen, Jug, that I mun a thee.
At leaſure Sir I warrant.

You muſt (Sir Clowne) is for the King,
And not for ſuch a mome,
You might have ſaid, by leave faire maid,
And let your(muſt)alone.
Ich am noe more nor clowne thats vlat,
Cham in my zunday parrell,
I'ch came vor love and I pray ſo tak't,
Che hopes che will not quarrell.

O *Robbin* doſt thou love me ſo well?
I vaith, abommination,
Why then you ſhould have fram'd your words
Into a finer faſhion.
Vine vaſhions and vine ſpeeches too
As ſchollards volks con utter,
Chad wrather ſpeak but twa words plaine
Thon haulſe a ſcore and ſtutter.

Chave land, chave houſe, chave twa van beaſts,
Thats better thon vine ſpeeches;
T's a ſigne that Fortune favours fooles
She lets them have ſuch riches. Hark

Hark how ſhe comes upon mee now,
I'd wiſh it be a good jive,
He that will ſteale any wit from thee
Had need to riſe betime.

An Old Song.

BAck and ſides go bare go bare,
And feet and hands go cold,
But let my belly have Ale enough
Whether it be new or old,
Whether it be new or old,
Boyes, whether it be new or old:
But let my belly have ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

A beggar's a thing as good as a King,
If you aske me the reaſon why
For a King cannot ſwagger
And drink like a beggar
No King ſo happy as I:

Some call me knave and raſcall ſlave,
But I know, how to collogue
Come upon Um, and upon 'um;
Will your worſhips and honour um,
Then I am an honeſt rogue, then I
Come upon um, and upon 'um will you wor-
ſhips: If

If a fart flye away where he makes his ſtay,
Can any man think or ſuppoſe?
For a fart cannot tell, when its out where to dwell,
Unleſſe it be in your noſe, unleſſe it be in your noſe boyes, Unleſſe it be in your noſe.
For a fart cannot tell, when its out where to dwell
Unleſſe it be in your noſe.

The Sowgelder's Song, in the Beggers-Bush.

I Met with the Divell in the ſhape of a Ramme,
Over and over the Sow-gelder came,
I took him and haltred him faſt by the horne,
And pickt out his ſtones as you'd pick out your cornes.
Oh quoth the Divell and with that he ſhrunk,
And left me a carkaſe of mutton that ſtunk.

Walking alone but a mile and a halfe,
I ſaw where he lay in the ſhape of a calfe;
I took him and gelt him e're he thought any evill,
And found him to be but a ſucking Divell.
Bla quoth the Divell and clapt down his taile,
And that was ſold after for excellent veale.

I met with the Divell in the ſhape of a Pigge,
I look't at the rogue, and he look't ſomething bigge;
E're a man cold fart thrice, I had made him a hogge,
Oh quoth the Divell and then gave a Jerke
That the Jew was converted by eating of porke.

In woman's attire I met him full fine,
I took him at leaſt for an Angell divine;
But viewing his crabb-face I fell to my trade,
And I made him forſweare ever acting a maid.
O quoth the Divell, and ſo ranne away,
And hid him in a Fryers gray weeds, as they ſay.

For halfe a yeare after it was my great chance
To meet with a gray coate that lay in a Trance,
I took him and I graſpt him faſt by the codds;
Betwixt his tongue and his taile I left little odds.
Oh, quoth the Divell, much harme haſt thou done,
Thou art ſure to be curſed of many a man.

My ram, calfe, my porke, my punk and my fryar,
I have left them unfurniſh't of their beſt Lady ware;
And now he runs roaring from alehouſe to Taverne,

And ſweares hee'le turn tutor to the ſwaggering gallant:
But if I catch him Ile ſerve him no worſe
For Ile lib him, and leave him not a peny in his purſe.

A Song.

Three merry ladds met at the Roſe
To ſpeak the praiſes of the Noſe,
The noſe which ſtands in middle place
Sets out the beauty of the face;
The noſe with which we have begunne,
Will ſerve to make our verſes runne,
Invention often barren growes;
But ſtill their's matter in the noſe.

The noſe is of ſo high a price,
That men prefer't before their eyes;
And no man counts him for his friend,
That boldly takes his noſe by the end.
The noſe that like *Euripus* flows,
The ſea that did the wiſeman poſe.
Invention, &c.

The noſe is of as many kinds,
As mariners can reckon winds,
The long, the ſhort, the noſe diſplayd;
The great noſe which did fright the maid;
The noſe through which the brother-hood
Did parley for their ſiſters good.
Invention, &c.

The

The flat, the sharp, the roman snout,
The hawkes nose Circled round about:
The crooked nose that stands awry,
The ruby nose of Scarlet dye,
The Brazen-nose without a face
That doth the learned Colledge grace;
Invention, &c.

The long nose when the teeth appeare,
Shews what's a clock if the day be clear,
The broad nose stands in buckler place,
And takes the blowes from off the face;
The nose being plaine without a ridge,
Will serve sometimes to make a bridge.
Invention, &c.

The short nose is the Lovers blisse,
Because it hinders not a kisse.
The toating nose is a monstrous thing,
That's he that did the bottle bring:
And he that brought the bottle hither,
Will drink; oh monstrous! out of measure.
Invention, &c.

The fiery nose, in Lanthornes stead,
Will light its Master to his bed;
And who so ere that treasure owes,
Growes poore in purse, though rich in nose.
The brazen nose that's o're the gate,
Maintaines full many a Latin-pate.
Invention, &c.

If any nose take this in snuffe,
And think it more then is enough;
We answer them, we did not fear,
Nor think such noses had been here.
But if there be, we need not care;
A nose of wax our Statutes are.
Invention now is barren growne;
The matters out, the nose is blown.

Phillada *flouts me.*

Oh! what a pain is love,
How shall I bear it?
Shee will inconstant prove,
I greatly feare it.
Shee so torments my mind,
That my strength faileth;
And wavers with the wind,
As a shippe that saileth.
Please her the best I [illegible],
Shee looks another [illegible]ay.
A lack and well a day
Phillada floutes me.

All the fair yesterday,
She did passe by me;
She look't another way,
And would not spye me.
I woo'd her for to dine,
But could not get her.

Will

Will had her to the wine,
Hee might intreat her.
With *Daniel* ſhe did dance,
On me ſhe look't a ſconce.
Oh thrice unhappy chance,
Phillada floutes me.

Faire Maid, be not ſo coy,
Doe not diſdaine me:
I am my mothers joy
Sweet entertain me.
Shee'l give me when ſhe dyes,
All that is fitting,
Her Poultrey and her Bees
And her Geeſe ſitting.
A paire of mattriſſe bedds,
And a bagge full of ſhredds,
And yet for all this goods,
Phillada floutes me.

She hath a cloute of mine
Wrought with good *Coventry*,
Which ſhe keeps for a ſigne
Of my fidelitie.
But i'faith, if ſhe flinch,
She ſhall not weare it.
To *Tibb* my tother wench
I mean to beare it.
And yet it grieves my heart,
So ſoon from her to part.

Death ſtrikes me with his dart,
Phillada flouts me.

Thou ſhalt eate Curds & Cream,
All the year laſting;
And drink the Chriſtall ſtream,
Pleaſant in taſting;
Wigge and whay whilſt thou burſt,
And ramble berry;
Pye-lid and paſty cruſt,
Pears, Plums, and Cherrey.
Thy raiment ſhalbe thin,
Made of a weavers skin,
Yet all's not worth a pinne,
Phillada flouts me.

Fair maidens, have a care,
And in time take me:
I can have thoſe as fair,
If you forſake me.
For *Doll* the dairy-maide,
Laught on me lately,
And wanton *Winifrid*
Favours me greatly.
One throws milk on my clothes,
T'other playes with my noſe;
What wanton ſignes are thoſe?
Phillada flouts me.

I cannot work and ſleep
All at a ſeaſon; Love

Love wounds my heart ſo deep,
Without all reaſon.
I'gin to pine a way,
With greiſe and ſorrow,
Like to a fatted beaſt,
Pen'd in a meadow.
I ſhall be dead I fear,
With in this thouſand yeare;
And all for very feare.
Phillada flouts me.

The Milk-maids.

WAlkeing betimes cloſe by a green wood ſide,
Hy tranonny, nonny with hy tranonny no;
A payre of lovely milk maides there by chance I ſpide
With hy tranonny nonny no, with tranonny no,

One of them was faire
As fair as fair might bee;
The other ſhe was browne,
With wanton rowling eye.

Syder to make fillibubbs,
They carryed in their pailes;

And ſuggar in their purſes,
Hung dangling at their tailes.
Wais-coats of flannell,
And petty-coats of redd.
Before them milk white aporns,
And ſtraw-hats on their heads,

Silke poynts, with ſilver taggs,
A bout their wriſts were ſhown;
And jett-Rings, with poeſies
Tours more then his owne.

And to requite their lovers poynts and rings,
They gave their lovers bracelets,
And many pretty things.

And there they did get gownes
All on the graſſe ſo green,
But the taylor was not skilfull,
For the ſtitches they were ſeen.

Thus having ſpent the long ſummers day,
They took their nut browne milk pailes,
And ſo they came away.

Well fare you merry milk maids
That dable in the dew
For you have kiſſes plenty,
When Ladyes have but few.

The old Ballet of ſhepheard Tom.

AS I late wandred over a Plaine,
Upon a hill piping I ſpide a ſhephards ſwaine:
His ſlops were of green, his coat was of gray,
And on his head a wreath of willow & of bay.
He ſigh'd and he pip't,
His eyes he often wip't,
He curſt and ban'd the boy,
That firſt brought his annoy:
Who with the fire of deſire, ſo inflam'd his minde,
To doate upon a laſſe; ſo various & unkinde.

Then howling, he threw his whiſtle a way,
And beat his heeles agen the ground whereon he lay.
He ſwore & he ſtar'd he was quite bereft of hope,
And out of his ſcrip he pulled a rope:
Quoth he, the man that wooes,
With me prepare his nooſe;
For rather then I'le fry,
By hemp Ile chooſe to dy.
Then up he roſe, & he goes ſtreight unto a tree,
Where he thus complaines of his laſſes cruelty,

A pox upon the divell, that ever twas my lot,
To ſet my love upon ſo wooddiſh a trot.

Had

Had not I been better took *Ione* of the mill,
Kate of the creame house, or bony bouncing (*Nell*:
A Proud word I speak
I had them at my beck;
And they on holydayes
Would give me prick and praise.
But *Phillis* she was to me dearer then my eyes,
For whom I now indure these plaguy miseryes.

Oft have I woo'd her with many a teare,
With ribband for her head tire, and laces from the fayre,
With bone-lace and with shoone, with bracelets and with pinns,
And many a toy besides: good god forgive my sinns.
And yet this plaguy flirt
Would fling them in the dirte
And smile to see mee tear,
The locks from of my haire.
To scratch my chops, rend my slops, & ar wakes to sit
Like to a sot bereft both of reason sense and witt.
Therefore from this bough *Tom* bids a dew
To the shepherds of the valley, and all the joviall crew.
Farewell *Thump*, my ram, and *Cut* my bobtaild curre,
Behold your Mr, proves his owne murtherer.

Goe

Goe to my *Philis*, goe,
Tell her this tale of woe.
Tell her where ſhe may finde
Me tottering in the winde,
Say on a tree ſhe may ſee her *Tom* tid from all care,
Where ſhe may take him napping as *Moſſe* took his Mare.
His *Philis* by chance ſtood cloſe in a buſh,
And as the Clowne did ſprawle, ſhe ſtreight to him did ruſh.
She cut in two the rope and thus to him ſhe ſaid,
Diſpairing *Tom*, my *Tom*, thou haſt undone a maid.
Then as one amaz'd.
Upon her face he gaz'd;
And in this wofull caſe,
She kiſt his pallid face,
He whoopt amaine, ſwore, no ſwaine ever more ſhould be,
Soe happy in his love, nor halfe ſo ſweet as ſhe.

Obſequies.

DRaw not ſo near
Unleſſe you ſhed a tear
On the ſtone,
Where I grone,
And will weepe,
Untill eternall ſleepe Hath

Hath charm'd my weary eyes.
Flora lyes here,
Embalm'd with many a teare,
Which the ſwaines,
From the plaines,
Here have paid,
And many a veſtall Maid
Hath mourn'd her obſequies:
Their ſnowy breſts they tear,
And rend their golden hayre;
Caſting cryes.
To Celeſtiall deityes,
To returne
Her beauty from the urne,
To raigne
Unparallel on earth againe.
When ſtrait a ſound,
From the ground,
Peircing the aire,
Cryes, ſhee's dead,
Her ſoule is fled,
Unto a place more rare.

You ſpirits that doe keep
The duſt of thoſe that ſleep,
Under the ground,
Heare the ſound
Of a ſwaine,
That folds his armes in vain,
Unto the aſhes he adores.

For

For pity doe not fright
Him wandring in the night:
Whilſt he laves
Virgins graves
With his eyes,
Unto their memoryes,
Contributing ſad ſhowers.
And when my name is read,
In the number of the dead,
Some one may,
In Charity repay
My ſad ſoul,
The tribute which ſhe gave,

And howle
Some requiem on my grave.
Then weep noe more
Greiſe will not reſtore
Her freed from care.
Though ſhe be dead,
Her ſoule is fled
Unto a place more rare.

Of a Taylor and a Lowſe.

A Lowſe without leave a Taylor did moleſt,
The Taylor was forc'd the lowſe to arreſt;

The

The Taylor of curtesie the lowse did release,
But she bitt the harder and stil broke the peace.
In this doubtfull matter, your counsell I crave,
What law of the lowse the Taylor may have,
A jury of beggers debating the cause,
Decree'd in their verdict that lyce should have lawes,
And therefore they say without further reciting
That lyce must be subject to the law of bac-biting.
Which law doth provide for the party so greived
The lowse so offending not to be repreived.
But straight to be taken and had to the jayle,
And after to suffer the crush of the nayle.

The old Ballad of Little Musgrave *and the Lady* Barnard.

AS it fell one holy-day, hay downe,
As many be in the yeare,
When young men and maids
Together did goe,
Their Mattins and Masse to heare,

Little *Musgrave* came to the church dore,
The Preist was at private Masse
But he had more minde of the faire women;
Then he had of our lady grace

The

The one of them was clad in green
Another was clad in pale,
And then came in my lord *Bernards* wife
The faireſt amonſt them all;

She caſt an eye on little *Muſgrave*
As bright as the ſummer ſun,
And then bethought this little *Muſgrave*
This lady,s heart have I woonn.

Quoth ſhe I have loved thee little *Muſgrave*
Full long and many a day,
So have I loved you fair Lady,
Yet never word durſt I ſay.

I have a bower at *Buckelsfordbery*
Full daintyly it is geight,
If thou wilt wed thither thou little *Muſgrave*
Thou's lig in mine armes all night.

Quoth he, I thank yee faire lady
This kindnes thou ſhoweſt to me,
But whether it be to my weal or woe
This night I will lig with thee.

With that he heard a little tyne page
By his ladyes coach as he ran,
All though I am my ladyes foot page
Yet I am lord *Barnards* man

My

My lord *Barnard* ſhall knowe of this
Whether I ſink or ſinn;
And ever where the bridges were broake
He laid him downe to ſwimme.

A ſleepe or wake thou Lord *Barnard*,
As thou art a man of life
For little *Muſgrave* is at *Bucklesfordbery*:
A bed with thy own wedded wife.

If this be true thou little tinny Page,
This thing thou telleſt to mee,
Then all the land in *Bucklesfordbery*
I freely will give to thee.

But if it be a ly, thou little tinny Page,
This thing thou telleſt to me;
On the hyeſt tree in *Bucklesfordbery*
Then hanged ſhalt thou be.

He called up his merry men all
Come ſadle me my ſteed,
This night muſt I to *Buckellsfordbery*,
For I never had greater need.

And ſome of them whiſtl'd & ſome of them ſung,
And ſome theſe words did ſay;
And ever when my lord *Barnards* horn blew,
A way *Muſgrave* away.

My

Me-thinks I hear the Threſel-cock,
Me-thinks I hear the Jaye,
Me-think s I hear my Lord *Barnard*,
And I would I were away.

Lye ſtill, lye ſtill, thou little *Muſgrave*
And huggell me from the cold,
Tis nothing but a ſhephards boy,
A driving his ſheep to the fold.

Is not thy hawke upon a perch?
Thy ſteed eats oats and hay;
And thou fair Lady in thine armes,
And wouldſt thou bee away?

With that my lord *Barnard* came to the dore
And lit a ſtone upon
He plucked out three ſilver keys,
And he open'd the dores each one.

He lifted up the coverlett,
He lifted up the ſheet,
How now, how now, thou litrell *Muſgrave*
Doeſt thou find my lady ſweet?

I find her ſweet, quoth little *Muſgrave*
The more 'tis to my paine,
I would gladly give three hundred pounds
That I were on yonder plaine.

Ariſe ariſe thou littell *Muſgrave*,
And put thy cloth-es on,
It ſhal ne re be ſaid in my country
I have killed a naked man.

I have two Swords in one ſcabberd,
Full deere they coſt my purſe:
And thou ſhalt have the beſt of them
And I will have the worſe.

The firſt ſtroke that little *Muſgrave* ſtroke,
He hurt Lord *Barnard* ſore
The next ſtroke that Lord *Barnard* ſtroke
Little *Muſgrave* ne're ſtruck more.

With that beſpake this faire lady,
In bed whereas ſhe lay;
Although thou 'rt dead thou little *Muſgrave*,
Yet I for thee will pray,

And wiſh well to thy ſoule will I
So long as I have life,
So will I not for thee *Barnard*
Although I am thy wedded wife.

He cut her paps from off her breſt,
Great pitty it was to ſee,
That ſome drops of this ladies heart's blood
Ran trickling downe her knee.

Woe

Woe worth you, woe worth, my mery men all,
You were ne're borne for my good:
Why did you not offer to ſtay my hand,
When you ſee me wax ſo wood.

For I have ſlaine the braveſt Sir Knight
That ever rode on ſteed,
So have I done the faireſt lady
That ever did womans deed.

A grave, a grave, Lord *Barnard* cryd
To put theſe lovers in:
But lay my lady on upper hand
For ſhe came of the better kin.

The Scots *arrears.*

FOwre hundred thouſand pounds
A luſty bag indeed!
Was't ever knowne ſo vaſt a ſum
Ere paſt the river Twede?

Great pitty it is, I ſwear,
Whole carts was thither ſent,
Where hardly two in fifty knew,
What forty ſhillings meant:
But 'twas to ſome perceiv'd,
Three kingdomes were undone.

And thoſe that ſit heere thought it fitt,
To ſettle them one by one,
Now *Ireland* hath no haſte,
So there theile not begin ;
The *Scottiſh* ayde muſt firſt be pai'd,
For ye came freely in,
And *Wi liam Lilly* writes——
Who writes the truth you know;
In froſty weather they marched hither.
Up to the chins in ſnow.

Free quarter at exceſſe,
They do not weigh a feather,
Thoſe Crowns for coals brought in by ſhoals;
Scarce kept their men together,
Of plunder they eſteeme
As triſles of no worth,
Of force ye dote becauſe recruite
Iſſued no faſter forth.
If once this caſh is paid
I hope the Scot be ſpedd,
He need not ſteale but fairly deal
Both to be cloth'd and fedd.
Our ſheep and oxen may
Safe in their paſtures ſtand,
What need they filch the cow
Thats milch to ſojourne in their land.

I wonder much the Scot
With this defiles his hands,

Be-

Becauſe the ſumm's a price of Rome
Rays'd out of the Biſhops lands,
But too too wel ye know
To what intent they in came
Twas not their paines produc'd this gaines
Twas ſent to packe them home,
Mee thinks I heare them laugh
To ſee how matters proved,
And give aſhout it ſo fell out,
Ye were more fear'd then loved,
If *Jocky* after this
Reneaginge hath forgott
From antient fires hee much retires
And ſhows himſelfe no Scott.

Rebellis SCOTUS.

CUræ Deo sumus, ista si cedant Scoto?
Variata spleniis Domina Psyche est suis.
Aut stellionatûs rea. Ὕστερον πρότερον,
Campanulæ omnes; totus Ucalegon suo,
Coriaceæ cui millies mille hydriæ,
Suburbicanis pensiles paræciis
Non sint refrigerio. Poeticus furor,
Cometâ non minùs, vel ore flammeo
Commune despuente fatum stellulâ,
Dirum ominatur. Ecquis, è Stoâ, suam
Jam temperet bilem? patria quando lue
Tam Pymmianâ, id est pediculosâ, perit?
Bombamachidisq; fit bolus myrmeciis?
Scotos nec ausim nominare, carminum
Nisi inter amuleta, nec meditarier
Nisi cerebello, quod capillitio rubens
(Quale autumo coluberrimum Furiis caput)
Quot inde verba, tot venena prompserit.
Rhadamantheum, fac, guttur esset nunc mihi,
Sulphurque, patibulumque copiosius
Ructans, Magus quàm cænias bombycinas;
Poteram ut Agyrta Circulator, pillulas
Vomicas loqui, aut ἀποκολυνθίζειν *Styga:*
Aut ut Genevæ Stentores, Perilleis
Tartara, & equuleos boare pulpitis:
At machinanti par forem nunquam Scoto,
Cunctis Sclopetis hisce gutturalibus.
Ut digna Dii duint, vorem par est priùs,
(Præstigiator ut) ficas, & acinaces.
Huc, huc, Iambe, gressibus faxo tuis
At huc, Iambe, morsibus faxo magis.
Satyræque tortrices, tot huc adducite
Flagella, quot præsens meretur seculum
Scoti Venifieis pares; audax stylum
Horum cruore tinge, sic nocent minus.

The Rebell SCOT.

HOw! Providence! and yet a Scottiſh crew!
Then Madam Nature wears black patches too?
What ſhall our Nation be in bondage thus
Unto a Land that truckles under us?
Ring the bells backward, I am all on fire,
Not all the buckets in a Country Quire
Shall quench my rage. A Poet ſhould be fear'd,
When angry, like a Comet's flaming beard.
And where's the Stoick, can his wrath appeaſe
To ſee his Countrey ſick of *Pym*'s diſeaſe?
By Scotch-invaſion, to be made a prey
To ſuch *Pig-widgin Myrmidons* as they?
But that there's charm in verſe, I would not quote
The name of *Scot* without an antidote;
Unleſſe my head were red, that I might brew
Invention there that might be poyſon too.
Were I a drowſie Judge, whoſe diſmal note
Diſgorgeth halters as a Juglers throat
Doth ribbands: could I (in Sir Emp'rick tone)
Speak Pills in phraſe, and quack deſtruction:
Or roar like *Marſhall*, that *Genevah* Bull,
Hell and damnation a Pulpit full:
Yet to expreſſe a *Scot*, to play that prize,
Not all thoſe mouth-Granadoes can ſuffice.
Before a *Scot* can properly be curſt,
I muſt (like *Hocus*) ſwallow daggers firſt.
Come, keen *Iambicks*, with your badgers feet,
And Badger-like, bite till your feet do meet
Help, ye tart Satyriſts, to imp my rage,
With all the Scorpions that ſhould whip this age,
Scots are like Witches; do but whet your pen;
Scratch till the bloud come, they'l not hurt you then.

Vt Martyres olim induebant belluis
(Quasi sisterent Regis sacros hypocrisias)
En hos eodem Schemate (at retrò) Scotos,
Extrà Scotos, intus feras, & sine tropo.
Fallax Iernæ viperæ nihil foves
Scoto Colono? Non ego Britannium.
Lupis carentem dixerim, vivo Scoto.
Quin Thamesinus pyrgopolinices Scotus
Poterat leones, tigrides, ursos, canes
Proprii inquilinos pectoris spectaculo
Monstrâsse, pro obolis omnibus quibus solet
Spectare monstra Cratis, & Fori simul
Pœne ocreatum vulgus. Et patria fera
Scotos cremus indicat terra plaga
Vel omnipræsentem negans Deum, nisi
Venisset inde Carolus, *cohors nisi*
Crafordiana, *miles &* Montrosseus,
Feritatis eluens notam paganicæ,
Hanc præstitisset semivictimam Deo;
Nec Scoticus est, totus Leopardus, Leo;
Habent & Aram sicut Arcam fœderis
Velut tabellæ bifidis pictæ plicis
Fert Angelos pars hæc, & hæc Cacodæmonas:
Cui somnianti tartarum sudsse pavor
Sic pœnitere, viderat regnum velim
Nigrius Scotorum semel, & esset innocens.
Regio, malignâ quæ facit votum precè,
Relegetur ad Gyares breves nunquam incola!
Punisset ubi Cainum *nec exilio Deus,*
Sed, ut ille trechedipnum, magis Domicanio.
Vt gens vagans vecutita, vel contagium,
Aut Beelzebub, si des ubiquitarium.
Hinc erro fit semper Scotus, certos locos,
Et hos & illos quoslibet cito nauseans,
Vt fructa diviso orbis, & Topographiæ
Mendicitatis offulos, curtos nimis.

Vt

Now as the Martyrs were inforc'd to take
The ſhapes of beaſts, like hypocrites at ſtake;
I'le bait my *Scot* ſo, yet not cheat your eyes,
A *Scot*, within a beaſt, is no diſguiſe.
No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmleſſe Nation
Foſters no Venom, ſince the *Scot's* plantation;
Nor can our feign'd antiquity maintain;
Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves again,
The *Scot* that kept the Tower, might have thowne
(Within the grate of his own breaſt alone)
The Leopard and the Panther, and ingroſt
What all thoſe wild Collegiats had coſt:
The honeſt high-ſhooes, in their termly fees,
Firſt to the ſalvage Lawyer, next to theſe.
Nature her ſelfe doth Scotch-men beaſts confeſſe,
Making their Countrey ſuch a wilderneſſe,
A Land that brings in queſtion and ſuſpenſe
Gods omni-preſence, but that *Charles* came thence,
But that *Montroſſe* and *Crawfords* loyal band
Atton'd their ſins, and chriſt'ned half the Land;
Nor is it all the Nation hath theſe ſpots;
There is a Church, as well as *Kirk* of Scots:
As in a picture, where the ſquinting paint
Shews fiend on this ſide, and on that ſide ſaint:
He that ſaw Hell in's melancholy dream
And in the twi-light of his fancy's theam,
Scar'd from his ſins, repented in a fright,
Had he view'd *Scotland*, had turn'd Proſelyte.
A Land, where one may pray with curſt intent,
O may they never ſuffer baniſhment!
Had *Cain* been *Scot*, God would have chang'd his doom,
Not forc't him wander, but confin'd him home.
Like Jews they ſpread, and as infection fly,
As if the devil had Ubiquity.
Hence 'tis they live at Rovers, and deſie
This or that place, rags of Geography.

Ipse universitatis hæres integræ,
Et totus in toto, natio Epidemica,
Nec gliscit ergò jargonare Gallicè,
Exoticis aut Indicis moris, neque
Iberio nutu negare, nec studet
Callere quem de Belgicis Hoghen moghen
Venter tumens, aut barba cantheri refert.
(*Quæ Coriatis una mens nostratibus*)
Pugna est in animo, atque animus in patinâ Scoto.
Huic Struthioni suggerat cibum chalybs,
Et denti-ductor appetitus, balibeo,
Pro more, pendulos molares inserit.
At interim nostras quid involant dapes?
Serpens Edenum, *non* Edenburguin *appetit.*
Aut Angliæ, cui jam malum est Hemorrhois,
Hæmatopotas hos posteris meatibus
Natura medica supposuit hirudines
Cruore satiandos licèt nostro priùs,
Nostro sed & cruore moribundos quoque.
Nec computo credant priori, nos item
Novum addituros, servitutem pristinæ
Aliam, gemellam nuperæ, fraterculos
Palpare quando cæperant charos nimis,
(*Suffragiorum scilicet poppysmata*)
Et crustulum impertire velut offam Cerbero
Subblandiens decreverat Senatulus.
Nos ara loculis? arma visceribus priùs
Indemus usque & usque vel capulo tenus.
Seri videmus quo Scotum trahes modo.
Princeps rebelli mitior tergo quasi
Sellas equino detrahens aptat suo.
At jus rapinæ hasce defendit vetus?
Egyptus *ista perdit, aufert* Israel
An bibliorum nescis hos satellites?
Prætorianis queis cohortibus, (*novæ*
Hierusalem *triariis*) *spes nititur*
Sororcularum? Cardo, cardo vertitur
Cupediarum, primitivæ legis, &c.

They're Citizens o'th' world; they're all in all,
Scotland's a Nation Epidemical.
And yet they ramble not, to learn the mode
How to be dreſt, or how to liſp abroad;
To return knowing in the Spaniſh ſhrug.
Or which of the Dutch-States a double Jug
Reſembles moſt, in belly, or in beard.
(The Card by which the Marriners are ſteer'd.)
No; the *Scots-Errant* fight, and fight to eat;
Their *Eſtrich-ſtomacks* make their *ſwords* their *meat*
Nature with *Scots*, as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,
Who uſe to hang their teeth upon their belt.

Yet wonder not at this their happy choice;
The Serpent's fatal ſtill to *Paradiſe*.
Sure *England* hath the Hemeroids, and theſe
On the North-poſture of the patient ſeize,
Like Leeches, thus they phyſically thirſt
After our bloud, but in the cure ſhall burſt.

Let them not think to make us run o'th ſcore,
To purchaſe villenage as once before,
When an Act paſs'd to ſtroak them on the head,
Call them good Subjects, buy them Ginger-bread.

Nor Gold, nor Acts of grace, 'tis Steel muſt tame
The ſtubborn *Scot*: a Prince that would reclaim
Rebels by yeilding, doth like him, (or worſe)
Who ſadled his own back, to ſhame his horſe.
Was it for this you left your leaner ſoil,
Thus to lard *Iſrael* with *Ægypts* ſpoyl?
They are the Goſpels Life-guard, but for them
(The Garriſon of new *Jeruſalem*)
What would the Brethren do? the cauſe! the cauſe!
Sack poſſets, and the fundamental Lawes!

Lord!

O bone Deus! quanti eſt carere linteis!
Orexis ut Borealis, & fames, movet!
Victuque, veſtibuſque caſſi, hinc Knoxio
Sutore ſimul, & Knoxio utuntur coquo,
Piè quod algeant, quod eſuriant piè.
Larvas quin uſque detrahas, & nummulis
Titulisque, (ut animabus) ſubeſt fallacia.
Libra, & Barones (detumeſcant interim
Vocabulorum tympani) quanti valent!
Hic Cantianum pæne, pæne villicum,
Solidoſque totos illa, ſed gratis, duos.
Apagè ſuperbæ fraudulentiæ, ſimul
Proſapiâ pictos, fide & pictos procul:
Opprobrium poetico vel ſtigmati
Etiam cruci crux. Non aliter Hyperbolus
Hyperſceleſtus oſtraciſmo ſit pudor.
Americanus, ille, qui cœlum horruit
Quod Hiſpanorum repat eò ſed pars quota!
Viderat in Orco ſi Scotos, (hui tot Scotos!)
Roterodamus pependerat medioximus.
Sat muſa! ſemiſſa ferularia
Medullitùs vorans, diabolis invides
Propriam ſibi ſuam Scoti paropſidem.
Vt Berniclis enim Scoti, ſic Lucifer
Saturatur ipſis Berniclationibus.
Nam lapſus à furcâ Scotus, mox & Styge
Tinctus, ſuum novatur in Plaut-Anſerem.

FINIS.

Lord! what a goodly thing is want of ſhirts!
How a Scotch-ſtomack, and no meat, converts!
They wanted food and rayment; ſo they took
Religion for their Seamſtreſſe, and their Cook.
Unmask them well; their honours and eſtate
As well as conſcience are ſophiſticate.
Shrive but their titles, and their money poize,
A Laird and twenty pounds pronounc'd with noiſe,
When conſtru'd, but for a plain Yeoman go,
And a good ſober Two-pence, and well ſo.
Hence then, you proud Impoſtors, get you gone,
You Picts in Gentry and devotion;
You ſcandal to the ſtock of Verſe, a race
Able to bring the Gibbet in diſgrace.
Hyperbolus by ſuffering did traduce
The Oſtraciſm, and ſham'd it out of uſe,
The Indian, that heaven did forſweare,
Becauſe he heard the Spaniards were there,
Had he but known what *Scots* in hell had been,
He would *Eraſmus*-like have hung between:
My Muſe hath done. A Voider for the nonce;
I wrong the devil, ſhould I pick their bones.
That diſh is his; for when the *Scots* deceaſe,
Hell, like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles,
A Scot, when from the Gallow-tree got looſe,
Drops into *Styx*, and turns a Soland-Gooſe.

The End.

Tom. Kirke Phone

WIT RESTOR'D

In ſeverall Select

POEMS

Not formerly publiſh't.

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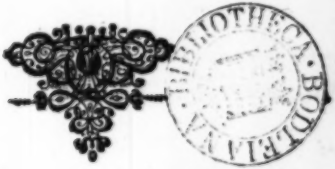

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WIT RESTOR'D.

Mr. *Smith*, to Captain *Mennis* then commanding a Troop of Horſe in the North, againſt the *Scots*.

WHy what (a good year) means my *John*?
So ſtaunch a Muſe as thine net'ewon
The Grecian prize; how did ſhe earne?
The bayes ſhe brought from *Epſom* Fearne?
There teem'd ſhe freely as the hipps,
The Hermit kiſt with trembling lipps.
And can ſhe be thus coſtive now how)
While things are carried (heaven knowes
While Church and State with fury parch,
Or zeal as mad as hare in March?
While birds of *Amſterdam* do flutter
And ſtick as cloſe as bread and butter:
As ſtraw to Jett, or burre to ſquall,
Or ſomething elſe unto a wall.
Can ſuch a dreadfull tempeſt be,
And yet not ſhake the North and thee?
Where is thy ſenſe, of publike feares?
Wil't ſit unmov'd as Roman Peeres,

Till ſome bold Gaule pluck thee by th' beard,
Thou and thy Muſe (I think) are fear'd,
As I have heard Divines to tell
The conſcience is that's mark't for hell.
Ah Noble friend, this rough, harſh way
May pinch where I intended play.
But blame me not, the preſent times
So ſerious are, that even my Rymes
In the ſame hurry rapt, are ſo,
Indeed whether I will or no.
And otherwiſe my Numbers flie
Than meant, in ſpight of Drollerie:
Tis good to end when words do nipp
And thus out of their harneſſe ſlipp.
Beſides, the thing which men miſpend
Call'd Time, as precious is as friend,
Tak't not unkindly, I profeſſe
None loves you better then *I. S.*
From *London* where the ſnow hath bin
As white as milke, and high as ſhin
From Viſcount *Conway's* houſe in ſtreet
Of woman Royall, where we meet:
The day too cold for wine and Burrage
The fourth precedent to Plum-porrage
December moneth, and yeare of grace
Sixteene hundred and forty to an Ace.

To friend of mine, Captaine *John Mennis*
A town of *York* that now and then is,
Or if you miſſe him there, go look
'n company of *Hunkes* Sir *Eook*; They

They two perhaps may have a pull
At *Selbie*, *Beverley*, or *Hull*,
Or elſe you'l finde him at his quarter,
Send it, and let him
Pay the Porter.

The ſame, To the ſame.

MY doubtie Squire of *Kentiſh* crew
that ha'ſt read ſtories old and new
prick up thine eares unto a tale
that will un-nerve and make thee ſtale:
When thou ſhalt heare how manie pears,
The parliament hath had by th' eares.
Comming as cloſe as ſhirt of *Neſſus*,
To privie Councellors (god bleſſe us)
The Judges they are deep in bond,
And fart for fear they ſhall bee Connd,
The *Ren* of *Elie*, and the prelate
Of *Bath* and *Wells* have had a pellat
And they have plac't (his grace's) cod
Under the laſh of *Maxwell's* rod.
But I am told the *Finch* is warie
And fled after the Secretarie,
And all this is, that men may ſee
Others can runne as well as wee.
I hitherto have told, dear Captain,
Of priſons that our peeres are clapt in:

And all I wrote was like a groane
Sadd as the melanchollie droane.
Of Countrie baggpipe, now I sing
Matter as chearfull as the spring,
Of wine (deare freind) will make us wanton
Better nere drunck by *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, one
That at third glasse did mount his Launce
And gott a boy whose sonne got Fraunce:
Besides, the reckoning will bee more
(Humble I meane) then heretofore;
For now the Alderman hight *Abell*
Has given his parchment up with labell,
To no more purpose is his pattent
Then that the fool had shitt and sate in't:
Now may wee freely laugh, and drink,
And overcharg'd goe pisse i'th sinck
Then too't again, beginne a health
Of twelve goe-downes to th'Com-monwealth
Then mount a stall, and sleep, and when
Wee rise againe bee nere th' worse men:
This fitt's my freindshipp, but not mee,
I must bee sober as the Bee
That often sippes, yet doth not stray
But to his owne hive findes the way,
Soe shalt thou not blush to acknowledge
Him that was once of *Lincolne*-Colledge,
But now of Bromely Hall neere Bow
Look, and you'l find his name below.

J. Smith.

From

From ſpatious lodgings of Lord mine
In ſtreet of female majeſty, paſt nine;
The day whereon wee whett our knives
As men to eat even for their lives.
He that ha's none tis time to borrow,
For Chriſtmas day is ee'ne to morrow.

The ſame, to the ſame.

MY note which coſt thee pennies Sixe
(It ſeeme's) ſtill in thy ſtomack ſtick's
O had'ſt thou but beheld how willing
I was for thine to pay a ſhilling
(For footeman forth the money layd
Which muſt with int'reſt bee defrayd)
Hereafter thou wouldſt not bee nice
For everie note to part with ſice.
Thy journey to the foe with Coyne
Would madded have a ſaint or twayne,
So ſillie Bee with wearie thighes
Home to her maſter's ſtorehouſe hie's;
Whence (her rich fraught unladed) thee
Againe returne's an emptie Bee.
I joy to heare thou raign'ſt in place
Of the defunct Arch biſhop's grace,
For thou (I doubt not) wilt bee grea'ſt:
By freind for prebendry i th' fiſt:
Mee thinkes I fancie preſter *James*
In Cope envellop't without ſeames.

With ſilke and golde embroydred ore,
And breſtplat like a belt before:
As Pedler ha's to bear his pack,
Or Creeple with a childe at's back.
Elſe when my *Bettie* dropp's away
(That fourteen yeares hath been my Toy)
Some one Il'e marrie that's thy Neece
And Livings have with Bellie-peece,
This ſome call Symonie oth' ſmock,
Or Codpeece, that's againſt the Nock.
The health you meant mee in the Quart
I have, and partly thanke you for't,
But yet I muſe (as well I may)
At pot ſo funiſh't, without pay,
For at that time wee were told here
You all were ſixe weeks in arreare;
Ha'ſt thou made merchandiſe, of Crop?
Or ſolde ſome landes, lef't out oth' mapp?
Or ha'ſt thou nimm'd from ſaddle bow
A piſtoll through thy troope, or ſo?
Leaveing halfe-naked horſes Creſt
Like *Amazon* with but one breſt;
Well, lett it goe: I thinke this geare
Fitt to bee ſcann'd, but not too neare.
However, ſure I ſhould finde *Iohn*
Thriftie, but yet an honeſt man,
Yet tak heed in theſe pinching tines
And age ſo catching after crimes,
It bee not given out how you quaf't
Sugar, and eggs, in morning's draught;

I grudge thee not; for if I met
Vulpone's potion, or could get
Nectar, or elſe diſſolv'd to dew
Th'Elixir, which the gods n'ere knew:
'Twere thine, yea I would ſave the dropps
For thee that fell beſides thy chopps:
But yet the needy ſtate (I feare)
May think much of thy coſtly cheare;
The beſt is, if they barre thy maw
From ſodden drink, thou't have it raw:
And reaſon good, the heavens defend,
That thou ſhould'ſt want, and I thy friend.
I.S.

From houſe of Viſcount *Conway*, where
Kenelme hath food, and *Down's* Count Lare,
December moneth, day of St. *John*
That 'mongſt th' Evangeliſts made one,
Forty, (beſides the ſixteen hundred)
We count yeares paſt ſince Fiend was found-
(dred,
And this Biſſextile, that, ſans pumps,
Friſk's, and is call'd the yeare that Jump's.

The same, to the same.

I must call from between thy thighs]
Thy urine back into thine eyes,
And make thee when my tale thou hear'st
Channell thy cheekes with Launt rever'st;
Thy Landladie that made thee broth
When drugge made orifice to froath,
That every fortnight shifted sheet
To keep thy nest, and bodie sweet;
That heard thee knock at peepe of day
When boy snor'de that on pallat lay;
Rose in her smock, and gave thee counsell
To lift thy foot for feare of groundsell,
That often warnd thee of the quart
And praid (in vain) to turn thy heart,
This Landladie in grave is pent
Now shedd thy moysture, man of Kent:
Two rings shee left, for thee tone, to' ther
For *Andrew* that does call thee brother,
This dries thy teares that were a brewing;
Now li'st to newes of State ensuing.
Iudge *Littleton* is made Lord Keeper.
And feeds on chick and pigeon peeper,
The kings Attourney *Sr Iohn Bancks*
Succeds him, but may spare his thankes.
Herbert is thought the meerest man
To fill the place of *Bancks* Sr *Iohn*,
London-Recorder thence doth jogge,
In *Herberts* roome to trudge, and fogg:

And

And St *Johns* one that's sharp and wittie
Is made winde-instrument o'th' Citty.
Thus tis in towne, but in the Camp
There's one preferrd will make thee stamp,
For *Sr Iohn Berkly*'s Sergeant Maior
To *Willmott*, let it not bread Jarre,
Nor can the Viscount whom *Iohn* putts
In trust, prevent it for his gutts
More shalt thou know when tis more fitt,
When thou and I in Tavern fitt;
Till when, and ever, heaven thee send
The wishes of thy constant freind,

I. S.

In street of Coleman from swanne Ally
Where while I stay in towne, I shall lye
In house of Mistresse *Street*, relict
Of *Robert*, whom for mate shee pickt:
And where, with eeles, and flounders fryde,
And tongve of Neat that never lyed
I filld my paunch, but when I belsh,
It utter's language worse than welsh.
Janus the moneth that holdes us tack,
One, with a face be hinde his back:
Full sixteene hundred yeares wee score
And fiftie, (bateing six, and fowr)
And this leape-yeare wee count to bee,
A yeare that comes but once in three.

The same, to the same.

THy wants wherewith thou long hast tug'd,
And been as sad as Bear that's lug'd,
Thou'lt laugh at, when thou hear'st how odly
Thy fellowes shift in Town ungodly.
Commodities we took on trust,
And promis'd Tradesmen payment just,
To be return'd from Northern part,
When treasure hence arriv'd in Cart.
And, but till now of late, they crep
From stair to stair, with trembling step;
So modest, that they blush'd to name,
For what they to our Chambers came.
Impatient now, both young and old,
Assault my fort with knuckle bold.
And as in bed perplex'd I lie,
I hear one say, The Cart's gone by.
With that they all attempt my dore,
With pulse more daring then before;
And of their parcells make a dinne
Louder, then when they drew me in.
Rouz'd with this rudeness, first, I chop
Upon some foreman of the shop;
Take him by 'th'hand aside, and there
I tell him wonders in his ear.
So by degrees I send them jogging,
Suppled with Ale, and language cogging.
But newes of this makes Scrivener wary,
And eight i'th hundred Don look awry

That

That we do ſtoop to ſums as ſmall,
As children venture at Cock-all.
And lives we lead, (I cry heaven mercy)
Worſe then a Troop that has the Farſie,
While man that keeps the Ordinary,
Will not believe, nor Landlord tarry.
O happy Captain, that may'ſt houze
In Quarter free, and uncheckt brouze
On teeming hedge, when purſe is light,
Or on the wholſom Sallat bite:
While we have nought, when mony fails,
To bite upon, but our own nails;
And they ſo ſhort with often tewing,
There's not much left to hold us chewing;
Or if there were, 'twould onely whet
Stomack, for what it could not get,
And make more keen the appetite,
Like tyring-bitt for Faulkner's Kyte.
To mend my commons, clad in jerkin,
On *Friday* laſt I rode to *Berkin*,
Where lowring heavens with welcom ſaucſt us
As when the Fiends were ſent for *Fauſtus*;
Such claps of thunder, and ſuch rain,
That Poets will not ſtick to feign,
The gods with too much Nectar ſped,
Their truckles drew, and piſs'd a bed,
And that they belch'd from ſtomack muſty
Vapour, that made the weather guſty.
Well, 'tis a ſad condition, where
A man muſt faſt, or feed in fear.

I lately thee from North did call,
Now ſtay, or elſe bring wherewithall,
Unleſſe thy credit here prove better,
Than does thy friend's, that wrote this Lette
I. S.

Day tenth thrice told, the morning fair,
The month ſtill with a face to ſpare.

The ſame, to the ſame.

NO ſooner I from ſupper roſe,
But Letter came, though not in proſe,
Which tells of fight, and Duell famous,
Perform'd between a man and a mouſe.
An Engliſh Captain, and a Scot,
The one diſarm'd, the other not.
It ſpeaks moreover of ſome ſtirring,
To make a Cov'nant new as Herring.
Carr, and *Mountroſſe*, and eke *Argile*:
Well was that Nation term'd a Boyl,
In breach of *England*, that doth ſtick,
And vex the body Politick.
But (whatſoe're be the pretence)
Doubtleſſe they ſtrive about the pence;
While Engliſh Trooper, like a Gull,
Serves but to hold the Cow to th'Bull.
Pray tell me, *John*, did it not nettle
Thee, and thy Myrmidons of Mettle,

To ſee the boy with country-laſh,
Drive on the jades that drew the caſh?
And by thy needy quarters go,
Asking the way to Camp of ſo?
So *Tantalus* with hungry maw,
And thirſty guller, daily ſaw
Water and fruit ſwim by his chaps,
While he in vain at either ſnaps.
Or elſe as *Phœbus*, when full fraught,
And tipled with his mornings draught,
Reels like a drunken Jackanapes,
With bladder tight, o're ſoyl that gapes:
And afterwards in corner odd,
Perhaps leſſe thirſty, empties codd.
So fares it with my friends, (god wot)
Whom treaſure skips t'enrich the Scot.
Leave then that wretched Climate, where
Thy wants have rid thee like the Mare;
And haſte to Town, where thou ſhalt find
Thy friend, that now hath newly din'd.

I. S.

Day twenty ſixt, and when *John* ſaies,
Faces about, the Month obays.

The

The ſame, to the ſame.

WHy how now friend, why com'ſt not hither?
Haſt thou not leave as light as feather?
Here have I mark't a Butt of Sack
Whoſe maiden-head ſhall welcome *Jack*,
'Againſt which when drawer advanc'd gimlet,
I ſuffer'd him not, but did him let.
And yet thou comm'ſt not; Why doſt pauſe,
And there continue, keeping Dawes?
Does Hoſteſſe ſtay thy ſteed perforce,
For that which was not fault of Horſe?
Thou haſte command of more then one,
For I have ſeen at tail of *John*,
Full Palfreys ſixty in array,
(I mean upon the Muſter-day)
Or art thou entertain'd to give
Phyſick to one, that elſe might live,
Some aged Sir, whoſe wife is bent
To change him for a Cock of *Kent*.
Well, be it what it will, I'le ſwear,
There's ſomething in't, that thou ſtay'ſt there
Howe're, let buſineſſe, wine, or friendſhip,
Draw thee from out that Northern endſhip.
If none of thoſe provoke thy ſtraddle,
Take pitty on my riming noddle,
That reſtleſſe runs with numbers fierce,
And's troubled with a flux of verſe.

O:

On that condition I'le relate,
Once more to Captain, newes of State:
Judge *Bartlet* ſitting on his ſtall,
In *Weſtminſter*, with's back to the wall,
Was there ſurpriz'd, and grip'd by th'wriſt
By *Maxwell*, with his clouter fiſt;
Who truſs'd the Judge, and bore him hot,
To the Sheriff's houſe, but plum'd him not;
For there he ſet him down i'th Hall,
And left him to them, robes and all.
As when a pack of eager Hounds,
Hunting full cry along the grounds,
Take o're ſome common moor, that's fraught
With old caſt Jades, and good for nought:
Who, conſcious of their fates, do hale up
Their thin ſhort tails, and try to gallop,
Get out o'th way for life and limme,
Each fearing they are come for him.
So far'd the Judges, ſuch fears wrung 'em,
When *Maxwell* ſpent his mouth among 'em.
Then come away, man, places ſtoop,
Yet thou remainſt in fortune's poop.
If thou wert ſet to ride the Circuit,
In *Bartlet*'s room, how thou wouldſt fitk it.
The art is, to forget acquaintance,
And break a jeſt in giving Sentence,
Which thou wilt learn, and then be quick
With Sherif's, and thou haſt the trick.
Theſe leſſons con, and keep in ſtore,
From *S* that hath an *J* before.

From

From *Bromely*, where I ghuess by th' *Mill-Dike*
That tis the Moneth sirnamed *Fill-Dike*
Which govern's now, and I beleeve
The day is *Tom* of *Straffords* Eve,
Full sixteen hundred yeares (I hold)
And fifty (bating five twice told)
Expired are since yeare of grace
I'th Almanack first shew'd his face:
Or (which is nearer to our trade)
Twelve score and two, since Guns were made.

The Gallants of the Times.

Supposed to be made by Mr. William Murrey *of His Majesties Bed-chamber.*

COme hither the maddest of all the Land,
The *Bear* at the Bridge-foot this day must
(be baited
Gallants flock thither on every hand
Waggswantonly minded, & merry conceited
Ther's *Wentworth*, and *Willmott*, and *Weston* and
(*Cave*,
If these are not mad boys, who the devil
(would you have
To drink to *Will Murray*, they all do agree
And every one crys, *To mee, boys, to mee!*

A great Burgandine for *Will Murray's* ſake
George Symonds, he vows the firſt courſe to take:
When *Stradling* a Grecian dogg let fly,
Who took the Bear by the noſe immediatly;
To ſee them ſo forward *Hugh Pollard* did ſmile
Who had an old Curr of Canary Oyl,
And held up his head that *George Goring* might ſee,
Who then cryed aloud, *To mee, boys to mee!*

Tis pleaſure to drink among theſe men
For they have witt and valour good ſtore,
They all can handle a ſword and a pen
Can court a lady and tickle a whore,
And in the middle of all their wine,
Diſcourſe of *Plato*, and *Arretine*,
And when the health coms fall-down on their knees,
And hee that wants, cry, *to me boys to mee*

Cornwallais was ſet in an upper room
With halfe a duzzen ſmal witts of his ſize:
He ſent twice or thrice to have him come down,
But they would admitt him in no manner wiſe
Though, in a full bowle of Rheniſh he ſwear,
Hee'd never tell more, when woemen were there,
But they all cry'd alou'd his tongue is too free
He is not company for ſuch as wee.

The Anſwer,

By Mr. Peter Apſley.

THough *Marray* be, undoubtedlie,
His countrey's cheifeſt wit;
And none but thoſe converſe with him
Are held companions fitt:
Yett I do know ſom Holland blades
Shall vie witth him for it, hey downe, ho downe
Hay downe downe derry dery downe!
Thinke not all praiſes due,
For ſome that buff do weare
Can whore and rore and ſweare
And drink and talke and fight as well as you.

Your *Wentworth* and your *Weſton*
Your *Stradling* and your *Tred*,
I know they are as joviall boys
As ever Taverne bred
And can ſomtimes like ſouldiers live
A weeke without a bedd, hey doune &c.

George Generall of Guenifrieds
He is a joviall Lad;
Though his Heart and Fortunes diſagree
Oft times to make him ſad:
Yet give him but a flout or two
And ſtrait you'l ſwear hees mad: Hey downe, &c.

Theirs

There's *Sydenham Crofts* and *Kelligrew*
Muſt not be left behind
And that old ſmooth-fac'd Epicure
They call him *Harry Wind*
For if you do diſcourſe with him
Such company you'l finde: hey downe, &c.

There's little *Geofrey Peeters*,
As good as any of thoſe
If hee'd leave his preventing way
Of abuſing his great noſe
Hee's witt and Poett good enough
That hee can pawne his cloathes: hey (downe, &c.

There is a joviall Parſon
Who to theſe men doth preach:
On the week days he does learn of them,
And on Sundays does them teach.
Of books and of good company
Hee takes his ſhare of each, hey down ho down,
Hey down down dery dery down!
Thinke not all prayſes due
For if he did not weare
A gowne hee'd roare and ſweare
And drink and talke and fight as well as you.

The Burſſe of Reformation.

WE wil go no more to the old Exchang
Theres no good ware at all:
Their bodkins and their thimbles too
Went long ſince to Guild-hall.
But we will to the new Exchange
Where all things are in faſhion
And we will have it hence forth call'd
The Burſe of reformation.
Come lads and laſſes, what do you lack
Here is weare of all prizes
Here's long & ſhort; heres wide & ſtraight
Here are things of all ſizes.

Madam, you may fitt your ſelfe
With all ſorts of good pinns,
Sirs, here is jett and here is hayre,
Gold and cornelian rings,
Here is an engliſh conny furr,
Ruſhia hath no ſuch ſtuff,
Which for to keep your fingers warme,
Excells your ſables muffe.
come ladds, &c.

Pray you Madam ſitt, ile ſhew good ware
For crowding nere fear that,
Againſt a ſtall or on a ſtool
Youl nere hurt a crevatt.

Hee

Heers childrens bawbles and mens too,
To play with for delight.
Heer's round-heads when turn'd every way
At length will ſtand upright.
Come ladds, &c.

Heers dice, and boxes if you pleaſe
To play at in and inn,
Heers hornes for brows, & browes for hornes,
Which never will be ſeen.
Heer is a ſett of kettle pinns
With bowle at them to rowle:
And if you like ſuch trundling ſport
Here is my ladyes hole.
Come ladds, &c.

Heer's ſhaddow ribbon'd of all ſorts,
As various as your mind,
And heer's a Wind-mill like your ſelfe
Will turne with every wind.
And heer's a church of the ſame ſtuff
Cutt out in the new faſhion,
Hard by's a prieſt ſtands twice a day
Will ſerve your congregation.
Come ladds, &c.

Heer are ſom presbyterian things,
Falne lately out of faſhion,
Becauſe we hear that *Preſter John*
Doth circumcize his nation.

And heer are independant knacks,
Raiſ'd with his ſpirits humor.
And heer's cheap ware was ſequeſtred,
For a malignant tumor. Come ladds, &c.

Heer patches are of every cut,
For pimples and for ſcarrs,
Here's all the wandring planett ſignes,
And ſom oth' fixed ſtarrs,
Already gum'd to make them ſtick,
They need no other sky,
Nor ſtarrs for *Lilly* for to vew
To tell your fortunes by,
Come ladds, &c.

To eject Powder in your hayre,
Here is a pritty puff;
Would for cliſter caſe ſerve too,
Were it fil'd with ſuch ſtuffe.
Madam, here are Piſtachie nutts,
Strengthening Oringo roots;
And heea's a preſerv'd Apricock
With the ſtones pendant too't.
Com Lads, &c.

Here are Perriwiggs will fit all Hayres,
Falſe beards for adiſguiſe;
I can help laſſes which are bare
In all parts, as their thighs.
If you'l engage well, here you may
Take up fine Holland Smocks.

We have all things that women want
Except Italian Locks.
Come Ladds, &c.

Here are hot Boyes have backs like bulls,
At firſt ſight can leap laſſes;
And bearded Ladds hold out like Goats:
And here are ſome like Aſſes.
Here are Gallants can out-do
Your Uſher or your Page;
You need not go to Ludgate more
Till threeſcore yeares of age.
Come Ladds, &c.

Madam, here is a Politicus
Was Pragmaticus of late,
And here is an Elentichus
That Fallacies doth prate:
Here is the Intelligencer too,
See how 'bout him they throng!
Whilſt Melancholicus a lone
Walks here to make this ſong.
Com Ladds, &c.

Then lett's no more to the Old Exchange
There's no good ware at all,
Their Bodkins, and their Thimbles too,
Went long ſince to *Guild-Hall*.
But we will to the New Exchange
Where all things are in Faſhion,

And vve vvill have it henceforth call'd,
The Burse of Reformation. (lack?
Come Ladds, & Lasses, vvhat do you
Here is vvare of all prizes; (straight,
Here's long and short, here's vvide and
here are things of all sizes.

The Answer.

WE will go no more to the new Ex-
Their Credit's like to fall, (change
Their Money and their Loyalty
Is gone to *Goldsmith's Hall.*
But we will keep our Old Exchange,
VVhere wealth is still in Fashion,
Gold Chaines and Ruffes shalt beare the Bell,
For all your Reformation.
Look on our VValls and Pillars too
You'l find us much the founder:
Sir *Thomas Gresham* stands upright
Bur Crook-back† was your founder.

There you have poynts and pinns and rings,
With such like toyes as those,
There Patches Gloves and Ribons gay,
And O our money goes.
But when a Fammily is sunck,
And Titles are a fading,

† The first earl of Salisbury in 1608.

Some

Some Merchant's daughter setts you up,
Thus great ones lives by trading.
Look, &c:

Marke the Nobility throughout,
Moderne and Antient too,
You'l see what power the Citty had
And how much it could do.
Not many houses you'l observe
Of honour true or seeming,
But have received from the Burse
Creation or redeeming.
Look, &c.

Our wonted meetings are at twelve,
VVhich all the world approves,
But you keep off till candle-time,
To make your secret Loves.
Then you come flocking in a maine
Like birds of the same feather,
Or beasts repayring to the Arke
Uncleane and cleane together.
Look, &c,

Wee strike a bargaine on the Exchange,
But make it good else where,
And your procedings are alike
Though not so good I fear.
For your commodities are naught,
How ever you may prize them,

Then

Then corners and darke holes are fought,
The better to disguize them,
Looke, &c.

We walke ore cellars richly fill'd,
With ſpices of each kind,
You have a Taverne underneath,
And ſo you'r undermin'd.
If ſuch a building long endure
All ſober men may wonder,
When giddy and light heads prevaile,
Both above ground and under.
Look, &c.

Wee have an Office, to enſure
Our ſhipps and goods at ſea:
No tempeſt, rock, or pyrat, can
Deprive us of that plea.
But if your Ladies ſpring a leake
Or boarded be and taken;
Who ſhall ſecure your Capitoll
And ſave your heads from aking?
Look, &c.

Then wee'l go no more to the new Exchange;
Their credit's like to fall,
Their money and their loyalty,
Is gone to Gold-ſmiths hall.
But wee will keep our old exchange,
Where wealth is ſtill in faſhion,

Gold

Gold chaines and ruffs ſhall bear the bell,
For all your reformation.
Look on our walls and pillars too,
You'l finde us much the founder:
Sir Thomas Gresham ſtands upright,
But Crook-back was your founder.

On S. W. S. and L. P.

Shee that admires her ſervant's face,
His ſtature, limbs, or haire,
Does not conceive the moderne waies
Of Ladies, wiſe and faire.
Hee's but ſhort,
Care not for't,
There be tall ones enough,
Though his head
Bee all redd,
Let his coyne bee ſo too.

What though his noſe turne in and out
With paſſage wide and large,
Not much unlike a rainy ſpout,
His humors to diſcharge,
Though his back,
Weare a pack
Tis a toy among friends,

So by hook,
Or by crook,
We may compasse our ends.

'Tis not your witt nor language charme,
That takes a female eare
A paire of pendants worth a farme
Are held more welcom there.
You abuse
Your poor muse,
When you write us fine fancies;
For no love
Can improve
Without suppers or daunces.

God dam-mee is a good conceit,
If they who sweare present us;
For that's your only taking baite
Words here can circumvent us.
There belongs
More then songs
To a necklace or gown,
When your plays
And essays
May be had for a crown.

The Tytre-Tues, or A Mock-

Songe to the tune of Chive-Chase.

By Mr *George Chambers.*

TWo madcaps were commited late,
For treason, as some say;
It was the wisdom of the State,
Admire it all you may.
Brave *Andrew Windsor* was the prince
George Chambers favorite,
These two bred this unknowne offence
I wo'd they had bine be ———

They call themselves the Tytere-tues
And wore a blew Rib——bin,
And when a drie, would not refuse,
To drink—— O fearefull sinn!
The Councell, which is thought most wise,
Did sett so long upon't,
That they grew wearie, and did rise,
And could make nothing on't.

But still, the common people cri'd,
This must not be forgot;
Some had for smaller matters di'd
They'd don——wee know not what:
Hang'd, drawne, and quarter'd, must they be,
So Law doth sett it downe,
It's punishment for papistrie
That are of high renowne.

The

My Lord of *Canterburie's* grace
This treason brought to light
El's had it bin a pitious case
But that his power and might
Had queld their pride which swell'd to high;
For which the child ungot
May with him live e'ne till hee die
As silie sheepe that tott.

Let Papist frowne what need wee care
Hee lives above their reach:
And will his silver Mitre weare
Though now forgot to preach.
If hee were but behind mee now,
And should this ballad heare;
Sure he'd revenge with bended bow
And I die like a Deere.

A Northern Ballet.

THere dwelt a man in faire *Westmerland*
Ionne Armestrong men did him call,
He had nither lands nor rents coming in,
Yet he kept eight score men in his hall.

He had Horse and Harness for them all,
Goodly Steeds were all milke white,
O the golden bands an about their necks;
And their weapons they were all alike.

Newes

Newes then was brought unto the King,
That there was ſicke a won as hee,
That lived ſyke a bold out-Law
And robbed all the north country.

The King he writt an a letter then
A letter which was large and long,
He ſigned it with his owne hand,
And he promiſed to doe him no wrong;

When this letter came *Ionne* untill
His heart it was as blyth as birds on the tree,
Never was I ſent for before any King
My father, my Grandfather, nor none but mee.

And if wee goe the King before,
I would we went moſt orderly,
Every man of you ſhall have his ſcarlet cloak
Laced with ſilver laces three.

Every won of you ſhall have his velvett coat
Laced with ſillver lace ſo white,
O the golden bands an about your neck's
Black hatts, white feathers, all alyke.

By the morrow morninge at ten of the clock
Towards *Edenburough* gon was hee
And with him all his eight ſcore men,
Good lord it was a goodly ſight for to ſee,

VVhen

When *Ionne* came befower the King
He fell downe on his knee,
O pardon my Soveraine Leige, he said
O pardon my eight score men and mee.

Thou shalt have no pardon, thou traytor strong
For thy eight score men nor thee
For to morrow morning by ten of the clock
Both thou and them shall hang on the gallow
tree.

But *Ionne* looke'd over his left shoulder
Good Lord what a grevious look looked hee
Saying asking grace of a graceles face,
Why there is none for you nor me.

But *Ionne* had a bright sword by his side,
And it was made of the mettle so Free,
That had not the king stept his foot aside
He had smitten his head from his faire bodde.

Saying, fight on my merry men all,
And see that none of you be taine,
For rather then men shall say we were hange'd
Let them report how we were slaine.

Then god wott faire *Eddenburrough* rose
And so besett poore *Ionne* rounde
That fowerscore and tenn of *Ionnes* best men
Lay gasping all upon the ground.

The

Then like a mad man *Ionne* laide about,
And like a mad man then fought hee,
Untill a falce Scot came *Ionne* behinde,
And runn him through the faire boddee.

Saying, Fight on my merry men all,
And see that none of you be taine,
For I will ſtand by and bleed but a while,
And then will I come and fight againe.

Newes then was brought to young *Ionne Armeſtrong*,
As he ſtood by his nurſes knee,
Who vowed if er'e he live'd for to be a man,
Oth' the treacherous Scots reveng'd hee'dbe.

By Mr. *Richard Barnslay.*

FAme told mee, Lady, your fayr hands would make
A willow garland for me; O forſake
That diſmall office, it do's not agree
With thoſe ſweet looks, that fair aſpect in thee.
Fayreſt of women, canſt thou bee my friend?
And with thine owne hand haſten on my end?
If I muſt looſe thee, let mee looſe thee ſo
As not to bee my utter overthrow.